OUR WISH TO YOU: A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 112. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 24TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH, GERMAN, OR SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German or Spanish, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.;
64 and 66, Oxford Street, W.;
303, High Holborn, W.C.;
205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

COPYRIGHT.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Dec. 24.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 112. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 24TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

HOW TO CHOOSE AND CARVE HIM.

With fowls, white legs are considered a point of excellence, but the blacker the turkeys legs the better. They should be as black and smooth as a new top-hat.

Other points to look to in choosing the turkey are the breast, eyes, feet, spurs, and neck.

The heart should be plump and full. The eyes are important, and cannot easily be "faked." In a fresh bird they are bright and full, sunken eyes betray the stale bird.

The feet should be supple; dry feet are a sign of staleness.

The spurs should be short, but a long neck is a good point.

Norfolk turkeys are considered the best, and certainly they have a distinctive flavour. due, I believe, to something in the water they drink.

Still, Irish birds are not to be despised.

A bird of medium weight, say 14lb., is best. The Leviathans are apt to be tough. A 14lb. bird should provide Christmas dinner and supper for ten people, and leave enough over for a "devil" or stew the next day.

The cooking of Mr. Bubbly Jock, as he is sometimes called, is outside my province. so let us suppose that nicely roasted—a boiled turkey is, to my mind, as much a waste of good food as a boiled sole—the turkey is in front of you, and that you have to do the carving.

The novice usually starts cutting away from the breast-bone, but by far the better plan is to begin by carving fine slices close to the wing, cutting them lengthwise, and then proceeding upwards to the ridge of the breast-bone.

The legs should not be dismembered, but treated like a joint, that is, you should cut fine slices from them, serving them with the breast meat.

With each portion, of course, you give stuffing, but don't ladle this out in dollops, which are unappetising. Cut the sausage meat in fairly thin slices.

The chief art in carving a turkey lies in getting as much off the breast as possible, and to this end a sharp knife is a great help.

A well-cooked, tender bird will break and crumble under a blunt knife, and good meat will thus be wasted.

Turkey is satisfying, and therefore moderate helpings are best. Some well-meaning hosts heap huge platefuls on you, with the result that you can't get through it, and fail to enjoy your dinner.

G. F. SHORT.

CHEEK.

Building is progressing apace in Brussels. But that is no excuse for the fiend in human shape who observed to us recently: "How Brussels sprouts, to be sure!"

* * *

"A duel," says a new novelist, "is the highest compliment two men can pay one woman." "Yis," observed Dennis O'Flaherty (who, you should note, is an Irishman); "but Oi'd be shot before Oi'd pay out."

* * *

Lord Winterton has left the "World." But we understand that he has no designs on the "Star."

* * *

"M.A.P." wants to know whether Mr. Allan Sutor is to be considered a success as a journalist. In other words, does Allan Sutor—not?

* * *

The Kaiser is negotiating for the purchase of a site for a home of opera. But he will not buy it for a song.

* * *

A writer says that Mr. Bernard Shaw has an impertinent stare. But perhaps this is only because he is Shaw-t sighted.

* * *

Lady Violet Manners is to marry Lord Elcho. We feel sure she will bear out an ancient maxim by showing that manners makyth man—beatific.

* * *

There is a dog in Germany who can talk, but it would be *lèse Majesté* to suggest that he is the Kaiser.

* * *

We are told that the ban has been removed from "Salomé." We are not quite sure what the ban is, but if it is an article of clothing she cannot spare it.

* * *

Latest Conundrum: What kind of man is he who lives in a residence answering to his own description? Answer: A flat.

* * *

A suffragette recently kicked Mr. Augustine Birrell's leg. But she could not pull it for all that.

* * *

Love is not the only thing that makes the world go round. Have you ever given whisky a trial?

* * *

The man who says his wife is a peach is always one who hates anybody else to poach on his fruit garden.

* * *

Most men have a short way with them when they are hard up.

J. S. COX.

WASSAIL.

SOME TIPS ON CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Given a good old-fashioned Christmas with snow on the ground and long icicles drooping from the eaves, wassail is a jolly good drink after the Christmas dinner, in the evening, or on returning from skating, tobogganing, or a walk. It is made of ale, roasted apples, sugar, nutmeg, and toast, the whole served warm.

Mulled ale is much the same thing. Enough for four people of moderate thirst can be made from two pints of ale, one glass of rum, and two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, nutmeg, and cloves.

Heat the ale with the sugar and cloves, then pour it into a jug which has been previously made hot; add the nutmeg and the rum.

A favourite winter drink with our forefathers was called Negus, and very good tipple it is, too.

To compound enough for six people take one bottle of sherry or port, one glass of brandy, one lemon, and about a quart of water, with sugar and nutmeg to taste. Warm the wine before the fire. Into a jug made hot slice the lemon, and pour the wine over it and the sugar. Add boiling water, flavour with nutmeg, and serve piping hot.

There are, of course, many kinds of punch. Cold punch is a seductive drink but rather expensive.

However, if the cellar will run to it, take a bottle of rum, a bottle of fizz, two glasses of curacoa (or any other liqueur) half a pound of pounded sugar and a couple of lemons.

Put the sugar in a bowl and add about half a pint of water, slicing the lemons into it.

When the sugar has melted, add the rum and liqueur, then put in lumps of ice, and at the last moment, open the fizz and pop it in. This will make enough for ten or twelve persons.

Hot punch is a simpler matter and less expensive. To warm the hearts of six people you want three-quarters of a pint of rum, a quarter of a pint of brandy, about a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, lemons, nutmeg, and about a pint and a half of boiling water.

Rub the lumps of sugar on the lemons, and then put them in the bowl, squeeze the lemons and add the juice. Pour in the boiling water, add the rum, and next the brandy and nutmeg. Put in a few pieces of lemon rind, mix thoroughly, and serve hot as Hades.

A very warming drink is known as a "Hanky Panky," and consists of equal parts of ginger wine and whisky. Two of them would make a dead man talk.

J. REID.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

SOME WAYS OF SPENDING IT.

Christmas morning is apt to hang a trifle heavy on your hands even if you are a bachelor and get up late—the family man, of course, is aroused about 5 a.m. by the ecstatic shricks of delighted youngsters, and never gets a moment's peace thereafter.

Assuming that Christmas dinner is fixed for somewhere about half-past two, there remain some hours to fill in, even if, as I say, you dawdle down to breakfast about ten o'clock.

Well, what's the matter with church on Christmas morning? Even if you shirk church at all other seasons, there is much to be said in favour of putting in an appearance on December 25th.

THE MORNING IN CHURCH.

I won't go into the religious aspect—that's between you and your Maker—but church is a more human place on Christmas Day than at any other time.

There are the decorations, which, perhaps, you have helped some pretty girl to put up. It is pleasant to admire them—also "her."

There is a sedate jollity about the church and the people. The ladies are sporting new bits of finery, Paterfamilias has forgotten business cares, and looks as if he would like to start a snowball fight.

Schoolboys who already look so swollen that you cannot imagine their finding room for two helpings of turkey, three "goes" of plum-pudding, plus such etceteras as mince pies, oranges, and nuts, may be seen furtively examining ferocious-looking knives and other "treasures." Little maidens in new frocks are visibly pleased with themselves.

And if parson cannot preach a decent sermon on Christmas morning, then he never will.

EXERCISE BEFORE DINNER

Of course, you may say that you don't get many holidays and that you prefer to devote Christmas morning to sport or exercise.

But even if you go to church you will have time to rush home, change into rough togs and go for a sharp walk, or spin on your bike, and be back in time to change into your "glad rags" and sit down to dinner with an appetite worthy of the occasion and the menu.

Still, a fifteen or twenty mile walk with a chum or two is an excellent way of spending Christmas morning. Even the most temperate of men is apt to take an extra drink or two in the days just before Christmas, and a real good sweating walk will work them off.

It is pleasant to walk abroad on Christmas morning. People are cheery. Casual strangers wish you the "Compliments of the Season." Through windows you may catch a glimpse of Christmas trees and other festive preparations.

GOOD CHEER.

Carriages, cabs, or taxis bowl along carrying grandpa and grandmamma laden with parcels. You meet the postman, bent double, and wonder what he will have left for you at home.

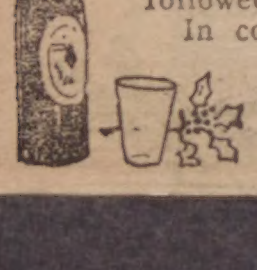
An excellent way of getting through the morning is to visit friends, only they must be close friends, for it is not everyone who likes to be disturbed on Christmas morning.

Still, if you have friends who live a nice walking distance it is jolly to trudge over to them, bearing a bunch of flowers or some other trifle for the lady of the house and a cigar or two for your host. And if the old man chooses to open a "bottle," well, Christmas comes but once a year.

Personally, however, I plump for church, followed by an hour's exercise.

In cold fact, I shall probably as heretofore spend Christmas morning writing antidated letters to relatives in the hope that they will think they have been delayed in the post.

J. L. HAYWARD.



SIGNS OF THE SPURIOUS.

SOME TOKENS BY WHICH YOU CAN TELL IT.

THE SPURIOUS "MILLIONAIRE": A very glossy hat, passable coat, enormous monocle, tremendous amount of side, but boots which, though once brown, have been stained black.

THE SPURIOUS PARSON: A sanctimonious expression, cold hands, brilliant red nose, keen desire to raise money for some private charity of his own, but wonderful and unexpected flow of invective on being asked to show any books or papers relating thereto.

THE SPURIOUS "B'HOY": Great joviality, considerable talent for hearty thumps on the back, keen willingness to imbibe drinks at other people's expense, but excellent memory for important engagements when his own turn comes round.

THE SPURIOUS SPORTSMAN: A lot of talk about race-horses and their "form," about the weights of various jockeys, and so forth, but the excuse of a stiff knee if you invite him to ride with you.

THE SPURIOUS COUNTRY MAN: Thick tweed cap, aromatic Harris tweed Norfolk suit, with enormous leather buttons, leggings fastened the wrong way, huge bulldog pipe, ash stick like Harry Lauder's, but a dainty pair of brown boots that would not disgrace Bond Street.

THE SPURIOUS STOCKBROKER: Elegant attire, flashing tie-pin, profusion of ornaments and trinkets of great apparent value, glib flow of talk about "selling bears," "contango day," &c., but an inexplicable tendency to haunt flash bars, and try to persuade strangers to back bills.

THE SPURIOUS RETIRED ARMY OFFICER: Very erect bearing, strong tendency to talk Army "shop," frequent references to "the good old days at Simla," beef-steak-coloured face, untidy clothes, great willingness to accept offers of liquid refreshment, but lamentable disregard for his "h's" under stress of excitement.

THE SPURIOUS FRIEND: Tendency to take your arm in the street, call you "dear old boy," give you an occasional cigarette, go to music-halls with you; but behind your back to say to fellow-workers in your office (referring to you): "Dearest fellow in the world, but what a pity he *drinks* so."

MEN AND CEREMONY.

HOW WE ARE CASTING OFF USELESS FORMALITIES.

There was a time, and only a recent time, too, when the man who said he "never stood on ceremony" was something of a pioneer; a breaker of idols that the majority still bowed down to. He was spoken of as an unconventional man; some even called him an original character and vainly strove to imitate him, against all the accepted conventions.

But to-day this man has vanished. He has not seen the error of his ways, but the vast majority of people have seen the commonsense of them and have rushed to follow suit. Men have thrown off unnecessary forms and are more natural, while not less courteous and genuine.

In three chief ways this passing of mere form for form's sake is most clearly seen. In sport, in clothes, and in what may be called social intercourse, such as visiting, staying the night, week-end house parties, and similar occasions.

Even the dance, as we shall soon be finding out this winter, has been robbed of some of its terrors for the man who dreads an excess of ceremony.

Take sport, to begin with. Wherever you go you find men praising the easy-going day's shooting as against the fixed and formal terror formerly known as a "shooting party."

Nowadays only those rules are observed which have their foundation in the gentle manly instincts of every sportsman.

Shooting is arranged so that all may have good sport in safety and comfort; and many unwritten laws, which formerly made every man feel that he might be making a *faux pas* at every turn, have gone by the board.

Sport becomes infinitely more congenial and comradeship spreads more easily without these formal barriers.

But chiefly is this casting off of forms and ceremonies to be seen in our social life. Think what a great undertaking even a "dine-and-sleep" visit used to be!

Your host or hostess wrote a terrifying formal invitation; you replied in set phrases full of nothing but windy formal words; then there was a two-hours' worry as to what you should take in the way of clothes, and what was the correct hour to arrive. A thousand things had to be worried out until you almost cursed the moment you were born.

What happens now? In many cases you go to the telephone and say you are coming; or you receive and send a telegram; or, as is very common with real friends, you do not waste your own or your friend's time by writing, but you turn up, sensibly, with your bag. They take the situation in at a glance and are glad to have you.

Then, without any awful drawing-room introductions and ceremonies you fall into the ordinary run of the life of the house and all goes smoothly.

As to clothes, there are, of course, always certain rules that must be obeyed. If you attend a Coronation you must go in Coronation robes, according to your estate. If a wedding guest you must have a wedding garment on.

But even here the principal demand, which is fashioning fashion in these matters, is that whatever is worn should be first of all appropriate.

There is still much to commend the old courtly ways, and, indeed, we cannot do without them; but the washing away of stupid roundabout methods of conducting social life is a decided gain, and one that few, if any men regret.

Naturalness is becoming the best form; artificiality is going. Let us hope it is gone for good.

M. CHIESMAN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S COMMISSION

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

Trooper Kernahan of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry was not a man of the sort that turns an envelope over twenty times before opening it.

He had found it by the side of his tea and muffins, in the cosy room that formed perhaps the most enviable bachelor quarters in Brermouth.

There was a rack full of pipes, by the chimney-corner, and the piano upon which Trooper Stephen first played in his hearing those marches, two-steps, waltzes, and selections, that were destined to be the popular airs in the far-off springtime when the regiment should lounge on the fresh green grass, listening to the band performing in the tree-locked clearing.

All around the walls were photos of his best friends a-foot, a-horse, and in the classic head-and-shoulders pose in which one looks at the camera in the properly fitted-up studio. Some were humorous subjects, such as the one of the lank-legged Carteret, taken while attempting to caricature the great Maher — short stirrups, American monkey seat, and all; some were strictly sporting—as Alexander, his horse, and his terrier (who did not apparently fancy the photographer to any great degree).

There was a noble thing of himself in the helmet, plume, and general pomp of Review Order.

By the side of that hung the crested certificate that vouched for the fact that Trooper A. H. Kernahan had ridden with the Royal escorts to three European kings at Sandringham.

But oblivious indeed of all these things was Trooper Kernahan when he had opened the letter that lay by his plate.

The muffins continued to get cold in a manner that would have met with the thorough disapproval of his landlady; the tea-pot, its cosy off, stood there untouched.

Kernahan was neither a trooper of the King's Own, nor a hungry man wanting his meal, any longer. The few words in that feminine hand had put a touch into his merry eye such as the true artist adds when he wishes to show the light of manly and sincere regard in the expression of his subject. The letter ran very simply and concisely.

"A.—You once said that your services would be at my command should I require them. Ride down the Beech Tree Road this evening at eight. I will meet you there.—M.D."

There was no question as to whether his sentiments were still the same.

A smile played about Kernahan's lips.

"Ay, at your command!" he whispered, nodding his head. And he added, "always."

A second later he had shaken himself clear of certain thoughts such as rob a man of his appetite. He poured out a cup of tea and started upon the muffins. For if a man has anything to face it is as well that he should face it with a stout heart —and a full stomach.

It was a good four miles to the Beech Tree Road. That name is not one that you would find in the Ordnance map of the country around Brermouth. It was *their* own name for it—Trooper Kernahan's and Mary Dering's—and until Trooper Kernahan had thrice addressed her brother, the new Lieutenant of Squadron "B," as "sir" on a certain (duly recorded) evening, it had been their trysting place.

"Under the Beech Tree." . . . Kernahan was thinking of that sweet, stereotyped conclusion to the few letters that had passed between them. "Under the Beech Tree." Yes, perhaps it was kinder of her not to make that exact spot the place of meeting now the romance was all over, or, at least, now that only its fragrance lingered where once had been its rose.

It was of such things that Trooper Kernahan was thinking as he rode in uniform towards the Beech Tree Road. Something told him that his mission might take him drill-hall-wards.

Trooper Kernahan had not closed up that letter without certain speculations. . . . There had risen before him the face, a little white in these days, of Lieutenant Dering, who had been spoken of within the first few weeks of his taking of the Oath, as a promising officer likely to make a second Devine.

But they did not say it now. The comment in the smoking-room, off parade, and in the billiard-room, was practically the same. "That young fool Dering is going to pot!" "Seen our Prize Pup, lately?"—and so forth.

But, in his own mind, Lieutenant Dering fondly imagined that by following the path marked out for the Regular Dogs, he would reach, at last, the Temple of Good Fellowship and emerge therefrom wearing the coveted halo of Popularity.

To this end he had elicited the services, as pilots, of a trio of officers from the local Regular Artillery Barracks. Invitation counter-balanced invitation until, at last, Dering had thought it best to act as perpetual host on these occasions at the Officers' Mess in the Territorial Club, it being less used than the Regulars' Mess.

If one wishes to play cards, outside lookers-on hinder both the fair players—and the others. Hence it had been a mutual benefit to the Lieutenant—and to the officers (and questionable gentlemen) of the Regular Army whom he entertained.

Trooper Kernahan trotted smartly along until he came to the bend in the road that once had been so familiar—the turning that led to the big beech-tree that nodded solemnly in the wind, affording shelter from the rain, or shade from the sun.

But he saw no one along the moon-bathed road. Eyes averted, he passed even by the sacred Beech Tree. . . . And then his name was softly spoken.

He wheeled round smartly and swung out of the saddle, bringing his hand to the salute in the informal yet gallant manner that the men of Squadron "B" preserve for their women-folk.

"At your service, my lady," said he, half jesting—but there was much that was earnest in the tone.

"How can I tell you?" said she.

And perhaps the feared, impending, dishonour of a brother is hard to tell.

"If you will mention one name, I think that——"

"Oh, of course, its Philip—my brother——"

"Then shall I tell *you?*"

Trooper Kernahan spoke concisely, yet with a certain reserve.

At the end of ten minutes she lifted her face to his.

"How can I thank you?" she said.

Kernahan looked into her eyes, breathing deeply.

"By-by, going away. . . . Now!" he said, keeping a grip on himself.

II.

Kernahan clapped the spurs to his horse, and twenty minutes later found him at the Drill Hall at Brermouth.

"You're confoundedly late, Kernahan," said the Sergeant-Major from his chair in the Yeomanry Room.

"Better late than never, y' know, 'Major," said the Trooper, cheerily.

"But I wanted you to put a few recruits through their facings."

"Well. I've told you. Better late than never!"

"Well, this is never. Drill's been over this fifty minutes."

Kernahan bent down and whispered to the Sergeant-Major.

"So you see," he added, "that's what I'm going to do. *They* want it more than the recruits."

"Want any assistance?" asked the Sergeant-Major, bloodthirstily. "Oh, yes—been too long in the Army, *I* have, not to know *their* little game, Mr. Kernahan, but what can the paid lackey of the Squadron say? (I give you their point of view—not the Squadron's)."

"Nothing, but he can kick, I hope, can't you, old war-horse? This isn't a fists job at all. It's a kicking out job. Now—half a jiffey. Here comes the P. P. I'm going to bait him. . . . Evening, sir!"

The pale-faced young man who wore the star on his shoulder blinked.

"Oh, hallo Kernahan," he said. "Having anything?"

"Not just now. . . . I say, do you remember your standing invitation to me?——"

"To come and take a hand with us? Rather. Why don't you come to-night? Devine and all that lot are so damned slow!"

"I'd like to," said Trooper Kernahan.

Wherefore, it came to pass that Trooper Kernahan sat down to a quiet game of poker with three officers of the Regular Army, and a Lieutenant of Squadron "B."

The stakes were perhaps higher than it was usual for a trooper of the Territorial force to play for, even on the most reckless evenings at camp, but this was, to Trooper Kernahan, the exception, and wholly devoid in his case of the gambling spirit.

Poker, fortunately, is one of those games in which you are not forced to bet if you have bad cards. It was surprising the number of hopeless hands Kernahan had.

"Aren't you going to play at all this evening?" asked one of the new-comers, a little testily. "When *we* get bad hands we pay, and keep in the game by taking another."

"Yes, must be damned uninteresting for you," said another gaudy gentleman.

"Not at all," said Kernahan. "The man who looks on sees most of the game, you know."

"What the devil——" said the first speaker, hotly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Kernahan, innocently.

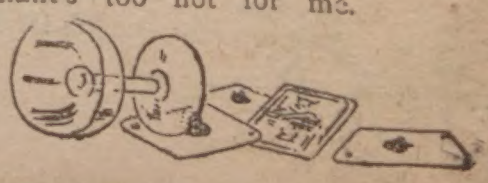
"Shut up, Ragg," said the third of the trio. "I think we're all gentlemen here. Are you the only one staying in, Dering? Very well. I'll bet five."

"Right. Raise you five."

"Raise you again."

"And again."

"I *say*. This merchant's too hot for me.



Come along, Dering, what have you got? I'll see you."

"Full house. King's on top!" said the boy, with the nervous gambler's hysterical accent.

He displayed them, according to the rules of the game.

There was something of a shuffle on the part of the dealer, and a little sleight of hand.

But, behind them, the heavy curtain by the big window trembled.

"Well, I can beat you!" cried the officer of the Regular Artillery. "Full house. *Aces* on top!"

Immediately the curtain was dashed aside and the gentleman with the palmed aces felt the weight on his shoulders of Sergeant-Major Brighton, of "B" Squadron of the King's Own.

"You lie, ye blayguard!" said the old 'Major, waxing Irish in his rage. "It's a Sergeant-Major, you've got on top. A lackey o' the Territorial Army itself, but, bejabers, a man ye skunks ain't fit to lick the boots of! You saw him, Mr. Kernahan—the chayter!"

"I did!" said the Trooper, merrily. "Now then! come on you blighters! Come on!"

"But stop—stop!" cried Lieutenant Dering, white to the lips. "What does this mean? These gentlemen are officers, Trooper Kernahan, and my guests!"

"I don't care if they're the heads of the War Office. They're going out here—quick!" said Trooper Kernahan. "They've cheated you at cards!"

"Now go!" he said to the officers of Regular Artillery.

"We question your authority. You have no commission. This is an Officers' Mess. Besides, Lieutenant Dering brings no allegations against us."

"Authority — this is my authority!" said Trooper Kernahan, turning up his sleeves and showing as fine a pair of arms as the regiment boasted.

"And his commission," the Sergeant-Major added, "is written on the hearts of every man Jack of 'em—from Major Devine himself to the latest recruit—in Squadron 'B'!"

With that they fell to work—and, as the Sergeant-Major admitted, with such flaccid pulp, it was no job for fists.

* * * * * * *

It was late the next evening that Trooper Kernahan was perusing a letter in the same hand as the one he had read at tea the night before.

After much that concerns no one so much as the gallant Trooper himself were the words, "Tomorrow night . . . under the Beech Tree."

MASTERING THE POLKA.

Many men who cannot waltz, can polka quite well, and though it is not nearly so fashionable as waltzing, most men enjoy a good rattling polka.

It is easy enough to learn, and consists of four distinct movements of the feet.

First of all, rise on the toes of the right foot, and at the same time bring the left foot into what is technically known as the third position at dancing, that is with the heel of the left foot against the hollow of the right—at least they would be in that position if your feet were flat on the ground, but you should be on your toes.

Next slide the left foot about the distance of your own foot away from the right, transferring your weight on to the left foot and slightly bending the knee.

Then, on the second beat of the music—for, of course, you started the second movement on the first beat of one, two, three four—bring the right foot down where the left is, at the same time raising the left foot.

Jump from right foot on to left, springing lightly and coming down on the toes of the left foot.

Rise on the left foot and bring the right foot behind it ready to begin again.

During the last movement make a half turn on the left foot, so that you progress in a circle.

A Raid on Evergreens

HOW TO GATHER CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

There is one urgent and necessary expedition that we in the remote country never forget to make at this time of year.

Just a few days before Christmas we recollect that our homes must be decorated. Greenstuff must be cut and gathered, and loosely hung up behind picture cords, over the grandfather clock, and, indeed, in every nook and corner where glowing red berries will heighten the appearance of festivity and serve as a reminder that Christmas is here and that we may make the very best of it while it lasts.

The house that remains undecorated during the fortnight around December 25th, must surely be a house of sadness rather than one of mirth.

DAMAGING THE HEDGES.

Gathering the necessary evergreens is always a labour of love with country people. In the bleak afternoon, when night threatens to come down with severe frost, we set out from home, warmly clad and well equipped, to cut down what will be required.

It is no indiscriminate hacking of the shrubs, but a careful selection of useful branches. It is the easiest thing in the world to let loose half a dozen enthusiasts upon a shrubbery or a hedge; they will do the work of destruction thoroughly.

When they have done there will be ugly gaps, ragged edges of wood broken, twisted branches half-torn down and left hanging because they were too stiff to break. Years will scarcely repair the damage thus done.

CUTTING IS BEST.

But there is another way, and a better.

Let it clearly be understood that there is no demand, in the household, for trees. What is wanted are the sprays, not more than a couple of feet in length at the utmost, and more often shorter still.

These may be found along most hedges and woodsides and can be *cut*, not twisted and broken, from the trees without doing harm.

Yew and laurel, fir and privet, holly and ivy, of course, and even the sprays of scarlet berries of the dog-rose, can all be used to advantage. The woods, where there is much shelter, will also yield sprays, even in mid-winter, of leaves that still cling to the stout branches in all the glory of their death tints.

Do not set out for the woods without a clear idea of the quantity of evergreen that will be required for the decoration.

It is so easy to cut and cut and cut until there is a great heap that is out of all proportion to the actual needs. The result often is that half of the material is discarded.

Another disadvantage is that when a mass of stuff is cut it is difficult to carry it home in good condition.

The way many people manage, or rather mismanage, this part of the work is by putting a cord round the entire bundle and dragging it home over dirty fields, hard, rough roads, soaking grass, and muddy paths.

TAKING HOME THE HOLLY.

Then they are surprised to find, on coming to use it, that much of it is too dirty, or broken or crushed to be of any use. It is, therefore, discarded, and litters the place as a silent witness to stupid methods.

Far better is it to cut only so much as can be carried in the hands without crushing or breaking. Go twice to the source of supply, if necessary, rather than spoil the sprays.

There is another, and regarded by some as the most important, item for Christmas decoration—the mistletoe. It is the most characteristic of all the signs that tell the season.

For this the orchard must be searched, for the mistletoe is a parasite, and grows from the boughs of the apple trees in round, thick, berry-laden branches. It is of a deep, almost warm hue of green, and is of extreme beauty of shape.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR MISTLETOE.

There are growths on many other trees, notably the poplar, but in England, where there is no big trade in mistletoe, the orchards supply most of what is used in private houses.

In cities and big markets, the large crates of mistletoe, that sell so readily as the great day draws near, are nearly all imported from France.

Treat the mistletoe gently. The berries will not stand much rough treatment. Remember, too, in climbing, not to injure the apple trees.

Mistletoe should be cut last of all and hung (in appropriate spots, having regard to its special "uses") just before the festivities begin, so that it does not look dull and lifeless.

With chilled fingers you will reach home laden; and the next morning you will decorate every ledge.

Do not use nails. They are quite unnecessary and cause damage when taking down the decorations.

R. M. HALSTEAD.

FICTION VERSUS FACT.

In Fiction: What the portly old gentleman does when he sees a slide—goes down it gleefully, entirely eclipsing the performance of the agile butcher's boy.

What He Does in Real Life: Falls down on it and swears.

In Fiction: The Editor, with side whiskers and a lot of swank: "No use to us. Take it away."

In Real Life: "Have a cigarette, old chap. Now about that story of yours——."

In Fiction: How a man proposes—Muriel, darling, I have always loved you. Will you—will you fill my cup of happiness and become Mrs. Bartholomew-Todgers?"

In Real Life: Lady (acidly): "Now, look here, Augustus, you're cooling off! But I've got *bundles* of letters. Come, *when is it to be?*"

Augustus (despairingly): "O—oh! next month if you like, love."

London's Dancing Rooms

AN EXPOSURE OF A LITTLE RECOGNISED EVIL.

In view of the fact that dancing is one of the pleasantest pastimes in which the two sexes can take part together, and that, for this reason, it is widely popular all over the country, and especially in the Metropolis, we think it is time that a revealing light was thrown upon a little recognised but vigorously flourishing evil that has of late years been steadily growing in London and its suburbs.

We are referring to a certain type of dancing-hall.

HOW THEY ADVERTISE.

In the advertisement columns of some of our evening papers of the cheaper class notices appear with regularity announcing that at such-and-such a hall "shilling hops" (sometimes called "Cinderellas" for the reason that dancing finishes at midnight) are held at stated intervals.

They are innocent enough in appearance, but the man who goes to them with his eyes even moderately wide open will make a mental reservation *not* to take any girl there for whom he has any respect.

In most cases, the advertisement reads: "Ladies with a Cavalier admitted Free"; and this will give an idea of the nature of such entertainments.

To put the matter into plain English, most of the dancing-rooms of London are places where women of the unfortunate class go to conduct their lamentable business.

INDECENT CLOTHING.

Just as they perambulate the lighted streets of the theatre districts of the West-End, so do they frequent dancing-halls; and the latter have the additional attraction for such women that they are afforded better opportunities of exhibiting their charms. In the streets they must wear a coat or a cloak, or, at any rate, ordinary walking garb; whereas in the ball-room they appear in evening dress of a particularly daring description.

In referring to such subjects, the writer is endeavouring to use as restrained language as possible, and he may be relied upon not to exaggerate. In many "shilling hops" of the type referred to he has been an eye-witness of surprisingly audacious horse-play, indulged in behind judiciously-arranged pots of ferns and so on—horse-play of a character which can perhaps be imagined by taking into consideration the nature of the evening-dress before mentioned.

BULLIES.

We have referred to the announcement about ladies with "cavaliers" being admitted free; and herein lies a certain element that is undesirable, not to say dangerous.

In the first place, women who have no "cavalier" lie in wait at a little distance outside, until the arrival of a man whose pumps suggest that he is going in. They then accost him and inveigle him into taking them in too. Some men may thoughtlessly do so on their promise that once inside they will leave their escort in peace; but they are very ill-advised in so doing, for most of these women are well-known to the local police, and even the most casual connection with them is distinctly undesirable.

A worse aspect of the case is that very often indeed the "cavaliers" are creatures of the despicable type that forfeits the name of man; wretches who are there for a more degraded purpose than the women themselves—namely, to profit by their unfortunate traffic. If they observe that their companion has managed to get hold of a profitable-looking pigeon, they discreetly disappear. They wait outside until the woman issues forth with her capture, when they rush up and inquire fiercely "the meaning of this treachery." The streets in which such dancing-rooms are situated are generally narrow, dimly-lighted, and comparatively empty at an early hour; and circumstances favour the bully's purpose.

A PICCADILLY DANCING-ROOM.

It is, strangely enough, due to a dancing-room—or, rather, to the abolition of one—that Piccadilly gained its present notorious character as a haunt of the night bird.

At one time a well-known dancing-hall had its being in the vicinity; and here a goodly cohort of London's unfortunate women used to congregate; but at last the place gained such an unsavoury reputation that it was abolished, and the whole crowd of its *habituées*, loth to go far from a spot which doubtless had pleasant recollections for them, took to perambulating the neighbouring thoroughfare of Piccadilly.

It was in this way that Piccadilly gained an undesirable ascendency over the district lying between Wellington Street and Pall Mall, which had previously been chiefly affected by women of the type in question.

SUBURBAN DANCER-SPOTS.

At the present time, if certain dancing-rooms we wot of were suddenly closed by the authorities, Piccadilly might have dangerous rivals in some now quiet streets in Kennington, Bayswater, Fulham, and, approaching nearer to the centre, in the neighbourhood of Langham Place.

In this one respect, perhaps, dancing-rooms may be not unconducive to the propriety of the public streets; but, on the other hand, grave points can be raised against them.

There are thousands of young men, ignorant of the way they are conducted, who may hail them as a means of perfecting their dancing prior to accepting invitations to dances given by their own acquaintances. Worse still, there are thousands of young girls, fond of dancing, who, not knowing, may persuade their intended husbands to take them to such entertainments—in which cases, as we have hinted above, they are likely to encounter very nasty surprises.

It is with the object of opening the eyes of such people as these, that we have written this exposure of the dancing-rooms of London.

STUART FREEMAN.

PROFESSIONALISM AT RUGBY.

WHAT CONSTITUTES IT.

The Rugby Union Laws against professionalism are very strict, also rather lengthy, and it is probable that many Rugby men are not fully acquainted with them.

In broad terms a player may not directly or indirectly benefit by the game. This means, of course, that he may not receive any money for playing, training, loss of time, or expenses over and above his travelling and hotel expenses actually paid.

But the rule goes even further, for it prohibits a player from receiving direct or indirect reward for rendering *any* service to a football club. This means that the paid secretary or other official of a club cannot play as an amateur. How different is the case at cricket and other sports. But the Rugby Union has no love for "assistant secretaries" at £300 a year.

Then a player becomes a professional if he transfers himself from one club to another in opposition to Rule 4.

Rule 4 provides that if a player wishes to join a new club he must produce a letter from his old club saying that they have no objection to his leaving.

If a club refuses to give such permission the player can demand an inquiry from the Rugby Union.

It is an "act of professionalism" to take part in a match when it has been previously agreed to play less than fifteen men aside. This, of course, does not apply to matches where, for satisfactory reasons, one or other side turns out short.

Testimonials, medals, or other prizes may be accepted only with the sanction of the Union.

To be declared a professional is the sentence on the player who *knowingly* plays with or against any player (or club) who has been either expelled or suspended by the authorities.

Expulsion awaits the offender who signs a Northern Union form, but this does not apply to soldiers. Or rather soldiers who signed N.U. forms before October 23rd, 1906, can still play as amateurs in regimental matches.

It is an "act of professionalism" for a player to play within eight days of any accident for which he has claimed or received insurance compensation.

A club may insure its players either through an ordinary insurance company or against a special fund of its own, and pay a man not more than 6s. a day so long as he is incapacitated.

Finally, he may not remain on tour at his club's expense longer than a reasonable time; play where gate money is taken during the close season, or take part directly or indirectly in any benefit match, though this does not apply to bona-fide charity matches sanctioned by the Union.

Clubs are also severely dealt with, expulsion or suspension being the penalty for attempting to seduce a player into an act of professionalism on his part, or tacitly permitting such an act.

Under the Football Association, referees, of course, are paid over and above their expenses, but the Rugby referee may receive only his actual hotel and travelling expenses.

The laws are severe, but on the whole just. Rugby football was at its lowest when veiled professionalism was rampant in its midst.

Since the Rugby Union revised the rules and enforced them irrespective of persons, the game has been steadily improving both in popularity and play, and more and more genuine amateurs are joining it.

G. T. THURSTON.

THE CHRISTMAS POST

As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts.
—HOWELL.

We do not need to be children again to listen eagerly for the rat-a-tat-tat of the postman on Christmas Day—always assuming that he is allowed to get so far as the door, for where there are youngsters about he is more usually torn to pieces at the gate.

No, while the ecstatic excitement of children as "postie," as we call him in Scotland, approaches adds to the pleasure of the scene, even the single man in lodgings may without shame confess to an extra beating of the heart when the Christmas postman thunders at his door.

For once one need not fear the postman's knock. No tradesman is so brutal, no editor so dead to all decent feeling, as to deliver bills or return the works of struggling genius on Christmas Day.

OLD FRIENDS.

Christmas humanises even editors. I remember one good dear chap who sent me a Christmas card in the shape of a cheque for stuff that in the ordinary way would not have been paid for for another month. It was pleasant to "touch" the cheque, but the kindliness of the deed touched me deeply.

The Christmas post is a sort of literary bran pie, you never know what pleasant surprise you may not fish up from it.

People you thought had long forgotten you bob up with greeting, old pals hail you from the four corners of the world. Persons with whom you have fallen out hold out the olive branch. The Christmas postman is a great peacemaker.

He abolishes many a difference, heals many a wound, and a man must indeed be a wrong 'un if his Christmas mail-bag contains no word of cheer and love.

Mr. Postman is also often a sort of fairy godmother. I remember Mr. Bransby Williams, the Dickens actor, telling me of a Christmas Eve in his younger days when, married and with two young children, he sat in his lodgings with no food in the house and no money to buy any.

IN THE HAMPER.

Rat-a-tat-tat came the postman—to be accurate, a railway-van man—struggling with a hamper as big as a house. And inside the hamper was a note, and inside the note a couple of "fivers"—sent by the former employer with whom Mr. Williams had been a not very industrious apprentice.

Aye, even if we are not in need of material comforts, it is pleasant to be remembered at Christmas. The Christmas card annihilates space and time.

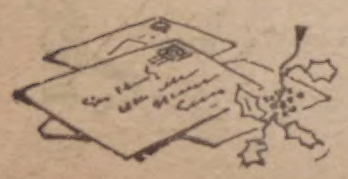
Here is one from my old nurse—she must be rapidly qualifying for the centenary stakes—inscribed to "Master George"—to her I am still a boy, while she to me is still the plump, apple-cheeked country girl who bore my infantile misdeeds with exemplary patience.

Here is one from Dicky Simpson, sent all the way from the West African jungle; Dicky writes in cheerful strain, he is on the verge of making a million—Dicky talks in millions and borrows half-dollars—and he is coming home next Christmas to paint the town a bright, vermilion red.

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

There is one from her who was the "only" in the days of my youth. We drifted apart, and she is happily married, but it is good to think that she remembers me.

There, the contents of my Christmas mail-bag do not concern you, but I daresay you know what I mean—the Christmas post is unlike any other post in the year; it mellows a man; takes you out of yourself, and fills you with renewed hope and determination.



I must not forget the parcels. A purple, green,

and white woollen waistcoat from Aunt Mary. She means well, dear old soul, but you don't want to be mistaken for a male suffragette. There is a box of cigars from Uncle Jack, and no man knows a good cigar better than he does.

If you have left the home nest, and are a wanderer on the face of the earth, there are the letters and parcels from home.

Indeed, the Christmas post is perhaps never so welcome as when it reaches you on the sweating back of a savage, has to be ridden in for to the nearest township, or is dumped down on your verandah by a mounted policeman.

HUSTLING TO BE ON TIME.

Here in England the Christmas post is apt to arrive prematurely, but in "furrin' parts" the powers that be usually manage to land it at your door on the day.

The captain of the mail steamer drives full speed ahead through fog or tempest, bent at all costs on making land in time. "Yuba Bill," where he still survives, lashes his team over pass and mountain. He has sworn with many oaths to be on time with the mail and he'll keep his word if he founder every horse the "kempany" owns.

Nigger postmen run as they never ran before, post-carts are driven hell-for-leather, express trains lower records, all man's ingenuity, skill, and strength are exhausted to bring the exile his home letters on Christmas Day.

The wanderer may be a "remittance man," forced to keep away from the old country, but his letters are full of loving kindness. The dad has relaxed and sent an extra cheque, the mater—no I will not pry into a mother's letters to her ne'er-do-weel darling.

A MAN'S HUMAN SIDE.

The Christmas post shakes the remittance man. He slinks off by himself, and does a quiet blubber. P'erhaps by evening he will have fallen back into the slough again, but no—let's look on the bright side of things, and see him—his selfish armour penetrated by the shafts of enduring love—pulling himself together and slowly, painfully with many a slip and stumble climbing back to manhood.

I have run on long enough, but I am sure there are many men who, like myself, dream of what the Christmas post may bring them, and watch eagerly for its coming.

May *your* Christmas post-bag be full of love, good-fellowship, and cheer. G. BARNES.

SOUNDS THAT DO NOT SOOTHE US.

COMPILED BY OUR HARMLESS GRUMBLER.

The sound of a man snoring in the next room, when we cannot get to sleep ourselves.

Lusty shouts of "Coal! coal!" outside the garret window of a frost-bitten and hungry author, who has no money to buy any.

The click of the balls as your opponent makes a cannon, and the marker calls "Game, gentlemen!" when you have been playing to see who pays for a thumping big dinner.

The postman's rat-tat on your front door, when you know as a positive fact that the letter he has brought you is a dun.

The sound (with its accompanying smell) of bacon sizzling in your landlady's kitchen on the morning after you unwisely made too generous an onslaught on the spirituous liquors at your club.

That careful bounder Jenkins, rattling his money in his pocket on the evening before pay-day, when you haven't a bean on you.

A cracking sound as Robinson smashes your fountain-pen which he has been boasting that he could mend.

The puffing sound of your last train moving out of the station just as you rush, panting and perspiring, up to the barrier.

The ring of the bell connected with your employer's room, summoning you to the "presence," when you have been systematically late at the office during the past week.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold. solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

HOW FERRIS BURGLED BY REQUEST

By E. WADE LANG.

The beginning of the matter was our reading in the papers one Monday morning that Miss Ida Verney, the popular music-hall comedienne, had been robbed of her jewellery at Euston Station on the previous afternoon, when about to set forth on a provincial tour.

Details differed according to the imagination of the reporters, but, condensing the points on which there was unanimity it seemed that she had placed the valise which contained the jewellery on the carriage seat, along with other small articles of luggage, and left her maid to keep an eye on everything while she chatted with professional friends further along the train.

The maid's attention wandered for a moment, and in that moment—the psychological moment which a thief is supposed to be able to gauge so unerringly—the valise disappeared! Estimates of the loss varied between fifteen hundred pounds and treble the sum.

"A very white-whiskered story," said Ferris, helping himself to the last kidney. "I suppose she feared she had not been sufficiently in the public eye of late."

"At least she has remedied the deficiency," I observed.

"Yes; and now she is probably the happiest woman in England. What an effective rounding-off of the affair it would be to pinch the jewellery in very truth!"

His coldly ironic eyes met mine across the table.

I had recently taken up residence with him, and we were breakfasting at his chambers, or, to be accurate, at the chambers of Mr. Hugh Lyall—theatrical agent—the *nom de guerre* and profession by which he was now known to the world.

The doors were locked, for he was in his natural guise—the Ferris of the old days—supple-bodied and pale, black-haired and indolent-expressioned, with always that hint of silky dangerousness beneath, which reminded me more than anything of a sleeping panther.

"So it would," I agreed, "but the question is, does she possess it?"

"She did," stated Ferris, "not so very long ago—as His Grace the young Duke of Lauderdale could corroborate but wouldn't. Their *liaison* was one of the tasty topics when last I had the privilege of revolving in aristocratic circles. He was already married at the time, so the incident was unimportant—that is, for all but his wife, who, foolish and pathetic little thing, positively adored the brute.

"Miss Verney, in case you are not acquainted with her, is a stout, over-dressed, cheerfully-vulgar person, with a habit of continuing the conversation by means of winks when her vocal vocabulary fails. She draws a three-figure salary, and is notoriously as mean as they make 'em. It is the latter fact which convinces me that she would have had no occasion to sell or pledge the trinkets, and indeed encourages my hope that, with a little assistance of the beneficent gods, we might change a pseudo-crime into a legitimate one, to the dishonour and profit of our unprincipled selves."

It was a characteristic speech, wholly cynical, but yet not free from an undercurrent of determination. I glanced sharply at him and again at the paper on my knee.

"I see she went on by the train," I mentioned, "and it is positively announced that she will appear at the Manchester Tivoli to-night. What do you propose to do? To go to Manchester and discover some means of riding her baggage?"

"No, no, Burke," said Ferris. "Both

clumsy and impossible. Besides, I don't believe she has taken the stuff with her at all.

"A decent interval must elapse before it re-appears, and she would dread its being nosed out by a hotel chambermaid or a dresser at the theatre.

"Nor would she be likely to entrust it to her bankers. Whenever a woman is up to mischief or deception her instinct is to be as secretive as possible. As I read her mind, Burke, she would hide those jewels—hide them in a safe and private place; and what more safe and private a place than somewhere in her own flat?"

"You mean you would go there and look?" said I.

"Why not?" he answered. "It's at least worth an attempt, and we can whittle down the risks to vanishing point. The first thing to ascertain is whether she keeps servants, and if they remain at the flat while she's away, or are sent home and the place locked up. I shouldn't be surprised at the latter, in view of her Scrooge-like stinginess—but if she's on the telephone we can soon find out."

He rose lithely to his feet and went into the office, returning almost immediately.

"Not a subscriber," he explained. "So in that case it will be necessary to call and learn something of the lie of the ground in person. I'll go alone; there's no way in which you can help. Her address is 87, Gorth Mansions, Maida Vale."

He went into his bedroom, and half-an-hour elapsed before he reappeared.

Then it was not Ferris whom I saw, but an entirely different person. He stood in the doorway, a sharp-featured, alert-looking young man, wearing a shabby overcoat and a cap, and carrying a small black handbag.

"Called to see to the electric lights, miss," he said in one voice; and in another—"I don't expect I shall be long away, Burke."

Two hours later he telephoned me, saying he could not be back in time for lunch, and telling me to go out and get what I wanted.

I did so, and was back in the chambers towards three o'clock.

To my surprise, Ferris had been in during my absence, for there was a sealed note stuck up on the mantelpiece.

It read—"You will find your blue suit, boots, hat, and overcoat put ready in your bedroom. Get into these to-night and meet me outside Edgware Road Tube Station (Bakerloo) at ten minutes past nine. Don't stand still; stroll up and down."

The precision of instruction and lack of explanation were eloquent of my friend's cautiousness. At a quarter-past nine a hand took me by the elbow, making me start. It was unpleasantly like the grip of the law.

"All right," said Ferris.

He was altered in appearance, and, in fact, attired almost identically with myself. Of his face I could see little, for the collar of his overcoat was turned up over his ears.

We walked in the direction of Maida Vale, preserving silence until we had turned out of the busy main thoroughfare into a quiet road.

Then in an intimate undertone, as we strolled quietly along arm-in-arm, Ferris gave me such information as he had been able to acquire.

"We're on the right track," he said, with subdued elation. "There's a locked room—Miss Verney's bedroom—and the servants have strict instructions not to enter it or to allow anyone else to enter."

"How many servants?" I queried.

"Two—one of them a garrulous wench who persisted in sticking at my elbow while I made pretence of examining the lights and talking of every subject under the sun but the one I most wanted to hear about.

"However, she compensated at the finish by letting fall two items of useful information, the first anent the bedroom, and the second to the effect that she and the other maid were going to a music-hall to-night in company with their 'young men.' The 'Metropolitan' music-hall, it was thought, and the nine o'clock performance.

"This was splendid, Burke, providing it was true. I slipped home to effect a change of externals, and, returning, watched from the recreation ground, which conveniently is situated opposite, all who went into and came out of the mansions.

"Nothing occurred till a little after eight. Then sure enough the maids appeared—arrayed in such finery that I had difficulty in recognising them—and I followed them till they met their swains, and followed them again right into the 'Metropolitan,' where they occupied seats in the shilling circle, and where at length I was satisfied to leave them. Then I met you.

"And now, old Irishman, with the coast clear and a couple of hours of leisure in which to search for those trinkets, what's the betting that I don't spot them?"

I'm not by any means convinced that they are there at all," said I. "It seems to me you're presupposing a great deal."

"Only two things," said he; "that they weren't stolen, and that she's hidden 'em in her flat. If my reasoning is wrong—well, we shall have lost nothing, and our time will have been pleasantly occupied. Here we are! This is Gorth Mansions."

He released my arm, and without any pause turned and led the way up stone steps into a lighted hall and then went steadily ahead up two flights of stairs. I followed on his heels—along a corridor and into a small bay at the end, where a door numbered 87 faced us, on which Ferris knocked.

It was a quiet knock and it was not answered. I suppose if it had been he would have made some excuse and we should have gone away again. As it was, he stood with head turned sideways for a moment, listening, his eyes a-glitter, the strong, unscrupulous lips wearing a covert smile; then he swiftly whipped out a bunch of skeleton keys, and five seconds later we were in a carpeted passage with the outer door of flat No. 87 not only closed, but bolted behind us.

"Any other way out?" I asked in a whisper.

"None," said Ferris.

"Then if an alarm was given, we should be caught like rats in a trap?"

"I think not," said Ferris in a low voice. but with perfect serenity.

The passage was in darkness, save for what light came through the window above the door. I could dimly see five other doors, two on either side and one at the end.

It was this last towards which Ferris advanced.

The kitchens and servants' rooms," he murmured in passing, referring to the others; "and here's the dining-room."

He pushed the door open.

"A fire, I see. The maids have evidently been making themselves comfortable. Stick close to me, Irishman, and mind you don't trip over anything. We're going to take Miss Verney's bedroom first. It's over here."

The red glow from the fire lit his face as he crossed the room and turned the handle of a door beyond.

"I thought you said it was locked," I whispered, but as I said it he flashed his tiny electric torch—and I saw it was merely a brief corridor we were in, terminating at a further door. This he opened with a skeleton key, and then turned, permitting himself to speak in a slightly louder tone.

"Your part, Burke, is to sit in the dining-room and keep your ears strained for any possible interruption. I shall have explored everything inside thirty minutes. Smoke if you feel inclined."

I did not feel inclined; my nerves were not so steel-like as his. But I sat down as commanded, choosing a chair near the corridor, and, with each hand gripping a knee, and my eyes fixed on the shadowy outline of crimson-upholstered furniture, remained motionless for perhaps a quarter of an hour.

I heard faint noises occasionally—the sliding of an open drawer, the tinkling of ornaments being moved, once the splintering of wood.

I wondered, too, why Ferris began to chuckle. He chuckled intermittently, apparently without care to subdue the sound. Finally, a distinct titter filled the silence—a thin, long-drawn-out sound of merriment, derisive, unaccountable, maddening.

It grated on my taut nerves like a file on wire. It irritated me insupportably. I went at length and asked Ferris what the devil he was finding so amusing.

He was on his knees by the fireplace, the torch wandering slowly over the hearthstones, and his head low. He held the torch aloft and looked up at me.

"Amusing?" he queried softly. "All life is amusing, old chap. But to what do you refer in this particular instance?"

"I want to know what you've been laughing at."

He scrutinised me in an odd silence. "I've not been laughing," he said.

His torch was still on high, and suddenly and quite silently he sprang to his feet. It must have been my changed expression of face which spurred him. He took me by the wrist.

"What's the matter?" he demanded in a quick undertone.

I moistened my lips. "Something," I whispered hoarsely, "has been laughing for the last ten minutes."

"You've been imagining it."

"No."

The tiny torch went out. Neither of us moved for several seconds. Then we heard footsteps.

A voice close at hand said with biting pleasantry—

"I'm afraid if you searched for a month you wouldn't find what you're after."

The clutch on my wrist tightened till I thought the bone would be crushed. It was a horrible moment. Then Ferris let me go, and in my ear, all but inaudible, sounded the words—"Leave everything to me."

The next instant the electric lights blazed, and there before us, framed in the doorway, grinning with sardonic enjoyment, was a little, lined, sallow, clean-shaven man in evening dress, who held a police-whistle half raised to his lips, and whose quick grey eyes darted from one to the other of us like a flickering rapier.

Ferris spoke. Spoke on a note of gratification which amazed me.

"Then the stuff *is* here to be found!" he said.

"Eh?" The little man narrowed his eyes suddenly, and as suddenly shook his head. "No, no," he said, with what was almost admiring approval. "I don't admit it, nor did my words convey as much."

"I guess it is, anyhow," said Ferris easily.

"Do you?" said the little man. "Well, you're at liberty to guess. But before we argue any further, let me tell you that I'm not in the least afraid of you. The window of the dining-room behind overlooks the road; it is always open at the top, and if you evince the slightest intention to resort to violence I shall simply blow this whistle for all I am worth."

"Why should we be violent?" inquired Ferris with lifted brows. "We are not desperadoes, sir."

"Aren't you?"—with stinging irony.

"Nor burglars, though appearances are certainly against us."

"Indeed! Then why the use of skeleton keys, and why that jemmy lying on the bed?"

Involuntarily I glanced, only to set him chuckling again, for there was no jemmy there. He had tricked me.

Ferris, however, had not stirred a muscle, except to smile.

"It is true we have broken in," he admitted, "but I repeat, sir, we are not thieves, as I am prepared to prove to you if you will kindly tell us who you are."

The quiet, respectful manner was marvellously well done. It made the little man look momentarily doubtful. Then his grin widened.

"Then who and what are you?" he asked sarcastically.

"First," said Ferris firmly, "tell us who you are."

"Willingly. Your effrontery, by the way, is astounding. I am Miss Verney's husband. I happened to be snoozing on the couch when you made your uninvited entry, and remained quiet for a time in order to gain a little first-hand knowledge of cracksmen's methods. Also it was diverting to reflect upon the surprise in store for you."

How I hated the grinning little beast! He had us impaled, or thought he had, and was gloating over our wrigglings.

"Miss Verney's husband?" echoed Ferris, with transparent doubt. "I didn't know she was married."

"Oh, it's not popularly known," returned the little man with abrupt and startling bitterness. "I'm not a person of much consequence. 'Miss Verney's husband' is an eloquent and comprehensive description. I'm useful. I——"

He stopped.

"You were going to say, perhaps," Ferris insinuated, "that she entrusts various matters to you while she is away—such as, for example, leaving in your care certain jewellery which is supposed to have been stolen?"

"I was going to say nothing of the kind," contradicted the little man unpleasantly. Come! give me your explanation—if you have one."

"We are detectives——" said Ferris calmly.

"Exactly what I expected you to say."

"Engaged," Ferris continued, "by the company which has insured your wife's jewellery to investigate the authenticity of her story. Frankly it is not believed. We are tolerably convinced that she has hidden it somewhere in this flat, and that is why——"

"Pshaw! it isn't insured at all."

"Pardon me, yes," insisted Ferris.

"With what company?"

"The National and General." This was bold bluffing on Ferris's part. He confessed to me afterwards that he relied on the little man not knowing whether the statement was right or wrong.

And sure enough our interrogator looked uncertain and—what struck me as odd under the circumstances—disappointed as well.

"Where are you from?" he asked at length. "Scotland Yard?"

Ferris shook his head.

"We should hardly adopt such unorthodox methods if we were," he admitted. "We are private inquiry agents. I have a card here."

"Tut! I don't want to see it. Whether you are or not you have no right to force an entrance, and I shall be perfectly justified in giving you into custody."

He took a backward step, looking more sardonic than ever. I clenched my fists at the reality of increased peril, but Ferris remained invincibly cool.

"We shall be very awkwardly placed if you do," he said. "Miss Verney, of course, would receive a magnificent advertisement——"

"Ah!" snapped the little man, evidently not eager for that result.

"But no other purpose would be served. And we will gladly offer our apology if you will accept it. We recognise that we must fail now and then."

He smiled with engaging candour, and waited for our companion's decision.

"You mean you want me to let you go."

"If you please."

I had never heard Ferris so diffident before, but it appeared to have the desired effect. The little man stepped aside and nodded.

Ferris walked forward unhurriedly. Unhurriedly, as he passed the little man, he wound an arm round his neck and pressed his other hand tightly over his mouth.

"Take the whistle off him," he said quietly.

I sprang forward and wrenched it away with brutal violence. Then I was going to assist Ferris to hold him securely, but the little man made no attempt to struggle and it seemed unnecessary.

Ferris spoke down to the upturned eyes. "I haven't concluded my search yet," he said, "and I don't intend to leave till I have. We shall have to put you to the inconvenience of tying you up——"

He ceased all at once. The bright grey eyes were laughing at him, unmistakably laughing. They shone with the wickedest kind of glee. And he winked.

Ferris removed the hand from his mouth and stared.

"Damn you, you're *glad*!" he said.

"I wanted to make sure," jeered the little man. "*Your* acting almost took me in; but your friend's face throughout! A detective—him!"

Oh, the biting scorn!

"You can release me," went on the captive; "I'm passive."

"I was about to," said Ferris politely; with action to match. "What on earth is your game?"

"I happen to hate my wife, that is all. I happen to have hit on an idea in the last few minutes to pay back to her a trifle on account of a debt which can never be wholly wiped out. Never mind what it consists of. A fool ghastly mistake when young perhaps. A fool ensnared, and never able to escape! Leech-like sucking of all that was good in him. Gradual wasting of decency and even desire for decency. Degradation, foulness, abandonment."

He spat the words forth like lava. His

features were contorted, the misery of them indescribable. I turned away.

I heard Ferris's grave voice say—"I beg your pardon. We both do. We had no idea of this."

"You needn't," he snarled. "I want no courtesy. I want you to live up to your profession. Take the jewellery! I can tell you where it is. You would never find it without my help. I daren't steal it myself. I'm afraid of her. But if you truss me up, truss me up so that I can't stir, and leave me here: the servants will be back soon, and it will all be convincing enough. I insist on your doing it. If you don't I——"

Ferris laughed. It was a laugh of sheer devilry. The bizarre situation was one that altogether appealed to him.

"My dear sir," he remarked debonairly, "I will render such a service with the utmost pleasure. Where is this famous hiding-place?"

The little man crossed swiftly to the foot of the bed, unscrewed the brass knob of one of the pillars, inserted two fingers, pulled a string and forth came a long, slender brown-papered package! He tossed it to Ferris, who bowed and pocketed it.

"Must we really tie you up?" he asked, with laughing reluctance. "It appears it is unavoidable, but I would it were otherwise!"

The little man threw back the bedclothes and stripped off a sheet.

"This will do," he said, with his dreadful grin. "You, sir,"—to me—"make the room in a mess meanwhile. Empty all the drawers, upset everything."

"In a motley life," said Ferris, as he tore a length from the sheet, "one meets with motley adventures. . . . . I presume Miss Verney will be aggrieved over this *contretemps?*"

"She will tear her hair," said the sardonic little man, "—as much of it as she has left."

* * * * * * *

It was not an adventure of which either of us is proud, though it increased our exchequer by nearly nine hundred pounds.

"We stumbled on tragedy there," said Ferris quietly, as we talked of it in our rooms. "I have no compunction about the theft; that is our trade. But it is never agreeable to glance into hell, Burke."

He was silent for a time, and so was I.

"There was hell in that man's soul to-night," he said. "What a life she must have led him!"

THINGS THAT DO US GOOD.

ON A WET SUNDAY.

The opportune arrival of our best friend just at the moment when the "blues" had us in their grip.

* * *

WHEN WE ARE IN A HOLE.

A timely cheque from a benevolent and understanding uncle, at the precise time when we contemplated giving the Jews a look up.

* * *

WHEN WE ARE BROKE AND BORED.

A rat-tat on the front door, and the latest copy of THE MODERN MAN dropped into the letter box.

* * *

WHEN WE ARE OFF OUR FEED.

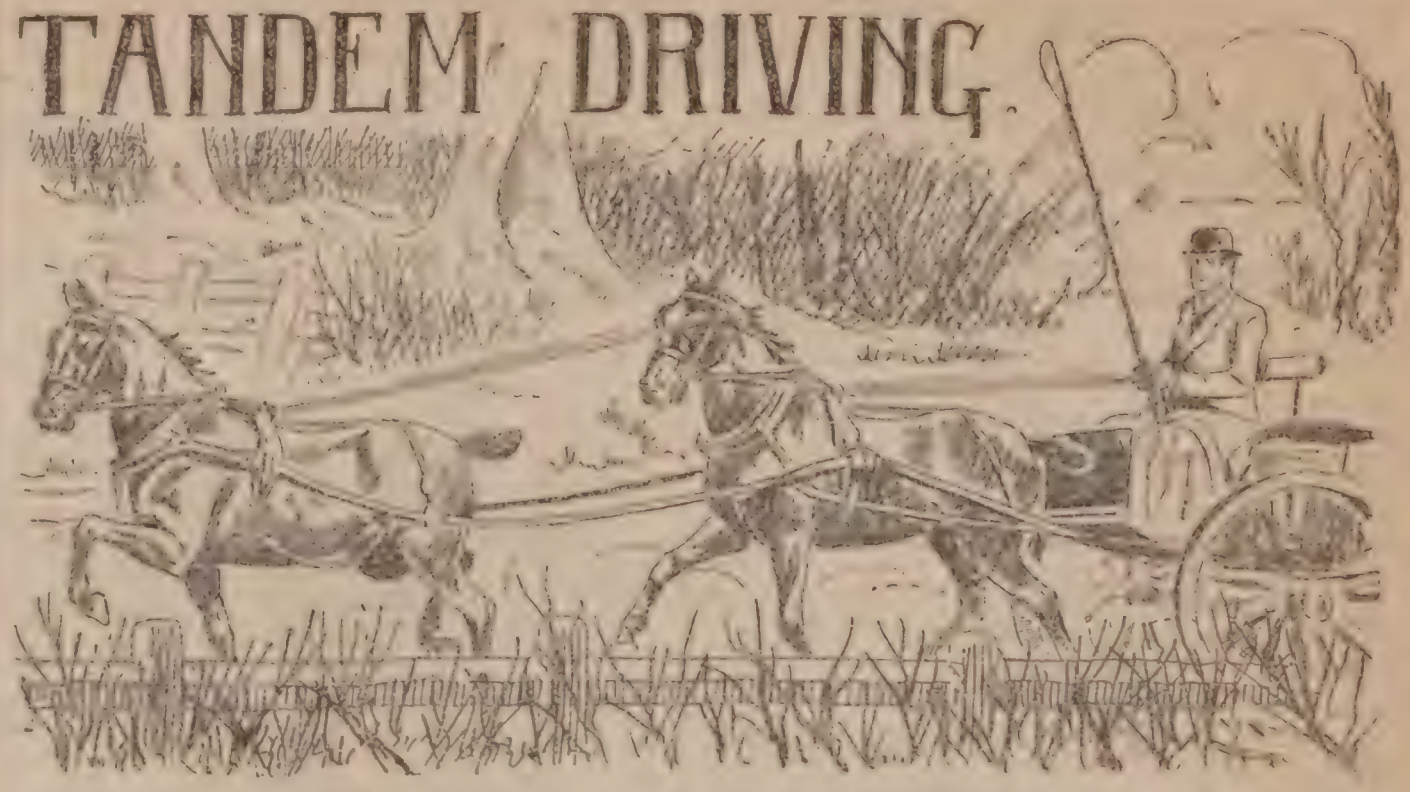
A visit from the skipper of our old harriers' club, who insists on dragging us out for a ten-mile run across country.

* * *

WHEN WE FEEL LIKE GOING ON A LOOSE END.

A friendly letter from our old father, who explains the rotten effect that sort of thing had upon him when he was our age.

TANDEM DRIVING.



HOW TO MEET THE DIFFICULTIES IT PRESENTS.

Tandem driving is not so popular as it was, simply because of the prevalence of motor traffic.

It is difficult to get a leader who will stand the enormous rumbling motor-vans and road steam-engines, and if the tandem leader gets restive even the finest of whips is more or less powerless.

Still tandem driving is good fun, and if much depends on having a good leader it calls for "hands," judgment, and patience.

Even the best of leaders unless well driven is apt to turn round and look at you, while it takes considerable skill to make each of your team do his fair share of the work.

NOT SO HARD AS IT LOOKS.

At the same time, the difficulties of tandem driving are often exaggerated. It is absurd to say that it is as difficult as "tooling" a four-in-hand. For one thing, you have only two horses to look after instead of four, while the strain and pull on the hands is far easier.

If you are trying an inexperienced nag, it is a good plan to give him two or three preliminary lessons.

Fasten leading or rope reins to his bit, and, you being afoot, walk him up and down a quiet lane, occasionally turning him from one side to the other until he has learned to answer to the slightest touch, and at other times to keep straight ahead.

Then try him in a field until he can go straight across it, practically without guidance.

There are various ways of attaching the leader to his companion, but the one way how not to do it is to fasten the leader's traces to rings at the points of the shafts.

ATTACHING THE HORSES.

Perhaps the best plan of all is to have ordinary long traces fastened to the buckles of the wheeler's traces.

Many people, however, prefer to have regular tandem bars. They are certainly very neat and smart looking, but a serious objection to them is that it is difficult to keep them off the leader's hocks, and if they touch him he is apt to kick.

The reins should be wide, say 1 1-8 inches, so that you can handle them easily, and that brings us to the manner in which they should be held.

Some tandem drivers advocate having a finger between each rein, the forefinger dividing the leader's reins, while the third finger separates those of the wheeler.

Others, however, swear by the "four-in-hand" method. In this style the near leading rein comes over the forefinger of the left hand; between the fore and second fingers are the off-leading and near wheel reins, whilst the remaining rein—the off wheel one—comes between the second and third fingers.

The great advantage of the four-in-hand method is that it makes it easy to shorten the leader's reins. To do this run the right hand forward and then slide the hand back with the second finger placed between the two leading reins and the other fingers, dividing the other reins.

TURNINGS.

One of the chief difficulties in tandem driving is keeping the wheel reins at the proper tension, especially when making a turn.

Before coming to a corner it is a good plan to see that you have the wheels well in hand particularly as regards that wheel rein opposite to the direction in which you are to turn, so as to prevent the wheeler from following the leader round too quickly.

It is easier to turn to the left than to the right, therefore you should practise the latter, for if you can turn to the right you will certainly be able to do so to the left.

Tandem driving teaches you to handle reins quickly and neatly, for you have to be smart indeed to circumvent the leader if he tries any tricks. Not that you can do very much, for it is related of a celebrated whip that, as he was driving tandem through his gates one day, a friend asked him which way he was going?

"I will tell you when I see which way my leader means to go," was the answer.

M. E. TAYLOR.

BILLIARD "BARS."

It is probably within the recollection of most of our readers how Peall perfected his famous "spot stroke" at billiards. When the red was on the spot, he would put it down, and so bring back his own ball as to be able to pot the red again on its being respotted; He could keep it up for hours. So the Billiard Association passed the rule that the red could not be potted more than twice consecutively from the spot. This was one of the first billiard "bars."

It would appear that no sooner does a crack professional perfect a species of scoring stroke than it is rendered useless to him by the reigning body, and this gives rise to the interesting question "Will some 'bar' be put upon the method by which George Gray, the young Australian, runs up such immense scores entirely off the red ball?"

As Mr. Asquith says, wait and see.

The Farmer's Unceasing Round

AN OCCUPATION WHICH ALLOWS BUT LITTLE REST.

Whether the farmer is a wicked man or not may be left to others to decide, but, wicked or not, there is no peace for him. In this at least he is like the wicked for whom there is said to be none.

The joys of a slack season are unknown to him. The time never comes, on a farm, when the farmer can look out over his fields and to his barns and say that at last he has a month or two months in which he can enjoy himself, and let the land go hang!

Farming has no close time; a man must be at it all day long and all the year round. It is the most exacting of industries.

A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION.

With those who live far from the stern and unchangeable facts of nature, and who are out of touch with the great forces that move through the seasons, the present time is one of slackness.

Do we not all regard this time of the year as the dead season so far, that is, as Nature is concerned?

The earth is now deep in its long sleep, we say, and fondly imagine, if we think of it at all, that a truce has been called over the fields, and that all is abandoned to winter rains and wreathing, damp mists.

It is a popular conception of life. The picture is one in which the farmer sits by a log fire all day, or takes his gun and goes shooting. He is just as likely to fly as to do either of these things at this or any other time of the year.

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT YEAR.

Again, when we saw the leaves falling, and spinneys that were once dense with foliage and perfect jungles of obscurity, standing skimpy and shivering in the gales, we were more than ever apt to imagine that all work had ceased in the fields.

But when we visited the fields and farmsteads and saw what was going on, we realised that though the autumn brought harvest and ingathering and all manner of ripeness and fruition, there was no waiting for the farmer before he begins to think of the crops of another year.

Let the weather be never so dirty, the roads and lanes deep in mire, the hedges bedraggled and the fields waterlogged, work began at once for him.

No sooner had the last harvest cart rumbled out of the uneven field on to the high road, leaving trails of straw on the bushes near the gateposts, than the plough team was brought out and the ground prepared to receive the seeds of another harvest ten months ahead.

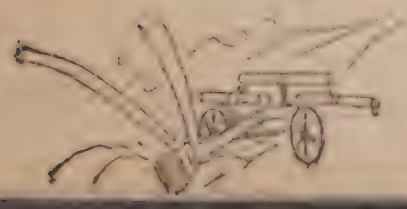
THE EARLY-MORNING ROUND.

When the townsman is snug in bed, waiting for the hot water for his shaving and for the savoury smell of cooking to entice him from between the sheets that he has at last succeeded in getting really warm, the farmer has turned out into the raw air.

A cold swill at the pump, perhaps, has been his "tub." He buckles on his gaiters, laces his thick, stiff, and still damp, boots on to great feet, and off he goes, lantern in hand, to the stables and the cow byres to get the work of the day in train.

The rising of the Law Courts, the seaside holiday season, the intervals between Parliamentary sessions, and all the other periods when sections of the people stop work and get out to golf links and sands, or take their trip abroad, bring no respite to the farmer.

If sometimes on Sunday he can get back from the farm, take off his workaday clothes, and array himself in broad-cloth and bowler before mid-day dinner, he is lucky, for this is about the only holiday he gets all the year round.



While we townsfolk are waiting with ill-concealed impatience for the return of spring and the promise of summer, the farmer is hard at work in the worst of the weather, on business that must be done, now or never, if he is to live.

R. J. TURNER.

AN EMERGENCY PEN-CLIP.

Metal pen-clips are apt, on occasion, to snap, and the results arising from the placing of a certain type of fountain-pen upside down in the pocket are anything but pleasant.

Here is a tip that should be useful in such an emergency.

Wind a rubber band around the part of the pen you wish to be clipped, and, when tight, insert one of those peculiarly-shaped wire paper-clips—not fasteners.

The clip just catches the edge of the pocket, and it is seldom that the elastic snaps.

UNUSUAL SPORT.

In olden days athletes were fond of making curious wagers.

An extraordinary match was that between a man on stilts against a man running. The distance was one hundred and twenty yards, the man on stilts receiving twenty yards start. Nearly everybody bet against him, but he won—and with a bit to spare, too.

About 1788 a young gentleman carrying a jockey fully booted and spurred ran one hundred yards against a very fat man, who had no encumbrance other than his flesh and clothes. The fat man won.

A fish hawker is reported to have run seven miles in forty-five minutes, despite the fact that he carried on his head a basket of fish weighing 56lb.

This reminds one of the remarkable performance of the curate in Henry Kingsley's "Geoffrey Hamlin." According to the author this fleet-footed parson ran four miles in twenty minutes, finishing by vaulting over a gate, raising his hat to a lady, and immediately entering into a long conversation with her on the value of athletics.

This recalls a very fine jump in Scott's "Lady of the Lake":

"And from the silver beach's side
Still runs the prow three fathoms wide
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand."

As the gentleman apparently could clear eighteen feet from a standing jump what would he not have done with a run?

BREAKING CONTRACTS.

WHY DO WE DISLIKE THEM?

For some indefinable reason there is a human and instinctive dislike to being bound by a definite contract.

Two striking examples recently came to the notice of the writer.

The son of a working-class family joined a regiment of Dragoon Guards at Hounslow Barracks. He was a fine, strapping young man, and one who might well be expected to become a first-class soldier.

He appeared to get leave on Sundays very frequently, and hearing the jingle of his spurs, I would glance out of the window and see him passing along the street towards his parents' house. The drill had greatly improved him, and he looked an ideal picture of manhood.

I expect there were a good many who envied him during these Sunday visits home, but apparently their envy was mis-directed.

He had been in the Army about three months, when I learned from a man who knew his family well that he was most anxious to be bought out. I could scarcely believe it when I was told that each Sunday he begged, even with tears, that his people should take some step to raise the necessary money to obtain his discharge.

The family was poor, and the sum required was beyond them. They managed, however, to induce a relative to advance the necessary amount, and this they handed over to their soldier son.

He bought himself out, and came back to live with his parents. For six months after that, he worked in a livery stable near by, and at the end of that time he had paid back the whole of the sum that had been advanced to him.

His next move was the most extraordinary of all, for as soon as he had liquidated the debt to his parents, he immediately re-enlisted, and again in a cavalry regiment!

The Army was undoubtedly the life for him, and he now admits that he would feel lost without it. His real trouble was that he became panic-stricken as soon as he found himself bound by rules and regulations. He had, in fact, the usual dread of a contract. As soon as he had broken this contract by buying himself out, he was ready and anxious to re-enlist.

An intimate business acquaintance of mine is confidential manager to a professional man, whose trade it is not necessary to indicate.

My friend joined this firm some years ago, and gradually rose until he was earning £4 10s. a week. He was doing valuable work, and the time came when he might reasonably expect a rise, and he was contemplating asking for one when his employer proposed that he should contract to serve him for three years to come, at a weekly salary of £5.

Of course, he signed the contract. But when I told him of the soldier's case, he confessed that he had felt exactly the same. As soon as the contract had left his hands, he said, he felt he would have given almost a year's salary to have been able to tear it up. He felt that there was now no prospect of him earning more than £5 weekly for the next three years, for, of course, the contract was as binding upon him as it was upon the other side.

"The three years," he said, "have now almost expired, and I expect I shall be asked to sign on for another three, at probably an increased screw. I know it is my duty to do it, for I now have a family as well as a wife, and yet I feel that I would give anything to be able to do without signing that contract. I lie awake thinking about it at night. It seems to deprive me of all freedom. I know it is a foolish idea, but it is how I feel."

H. ISAACS.

AMATEUR·CARD·CHEATS

HOW THEY SCORE OVER HONEST PLAYERS.

For the most part amateur card cheats content themselves with merely indulging in practices which require no sleight-of-hand and but little agility. They cannot make sure of absolute success, because, as a rule, they rest content with dealing themselves a couple of aces—or even two court cards—but, all the same, these cards are useful to a hand.

Thus they are very often unsuccessful, and this inability to get home on every occasion helps to keep away suspicion as to their methods.

The amateur crook in his early career contents himself by seeing that he has at least one good card in, say, a game of whist. This he does by placing an ace at the bottom of the pack, a card which, when he deals, falls to himself.

Even this requires something in the way of practice, and before trying it on he will work an even simpler wheeze.

THE BOTTOM CARD.

Drawing the attention of the company to some subject other than the game, he cuts the cards himself. If by some reason he makes a mess of it, and places a low card in the fifty-second place, he will suddenly awake to the fact that the man at his side should have cut the cards, trusting to luck for a better card than his own shuffling brought him.

But later on he discovers a better way. If the bottom card happens to be a two or a three, he will deal straightforwardly until reaching the fifty-first card. He will then slip the low bottom card to the opponent on his right and deal himself the number fifty-one.

This little wheeze has not very decided effects upon the nature of the game, but still the cheat finds it useful in palming off a bad card, and it can scarcely ever be detected.

CROOKED DEALING.

Rather more difficult is the art of placing a few good cards at the bottom of the pack and dealing them to himself, but with a little practice this feat is easily accomplished, as straight players will have found to their cost.

In the game of nap a great deal depends on the manner in which the dealer picks up the cards preparatory to his deal round.

The crook will quickly discover amongst the strewn cards an ace on top of three low cards, and perhaps a king backed by another three "duds."

The work of placing those two packs of four (when four are playing) takes but an instant, and thus the dealer by back shuffling is sure of at least an ace and a king in his hand of five cards.

Nap provides many such openings for questionable play, and the man who deals himself six cards and slips the worst one back in the pack usually escapes detection if he keeps the pack, already somewhat disturbed, near his elbow, and leans forward to examine his cards.

PREPARING.

The crook, when entertaining card-playing guests, spends some considerable time beforehand in the arrangement of mirrors in the card-room, but the mirrors must be small—only large enough to reflect a hand of cards—else the trick is quickly discovered.

Where confederates are concerned there are in all games ample opportunities for sharping.

Holding the cards between the first and second finger for hearts, between the second and third for diamonds is an old wheeze.

The plan of making remarks, the nature of which conveys to the confederate partner the state of a hand is somewhat played out, and is soon detected.

But the amateur card cheat is, like all cads, lacking in courage. He just dabbles in crooked play, contenting himself with placing a few "winners" in his hand. He is seldom brave enough to conceal cards in his lap, or to indulge in such wholesale cheating as is practised by the professional crook.

The dabbler in card-cheating is even more contemptible than the crook who makes his living in this way, because, as a rule, the former plays with his personal friends whose style and methods he knows exactly.

With strangers he would think twice before attempting anything in the nature of sharping, and in his niggling methods, which, while earning him a few shillings, debar him from the sportive element of games of skill mingled with chance, he shows the weak and unutterably mean nature of his character.

R. J. PATER.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL SWANK.

Habitual swank is a most objectionable characteristic in a man, but the ability to do a little of it is frequently most useful.

Suppose that you are rather hard up compared with the men you are mixing with, and you want to disguise the fact, a little bit of judicious swank would generally serve your purpose.

You can do it most easily in the matter of tips. A groundsman or someone else is being tipped, and, though you cannot afford the necessary amount so well as others can, yet frequently it would pay you to give a little more than they did. It impresses the person tipped much more than do the better cut and more expensive clothes of your friends.

Some men are adept in this kind of innocent swank. You see it, for example, in the salute that the cabby gives them when they pay him at the end of a journey. Another man may give just as much for just the same journey, to just the same cabby, without getting that salute.

The man who wants this mark of courtesy without paying too much for it bargains with the cabman in advance as to what the journey is to cost. When he alights, his tip, however small it may be, is welcome because it is unexpected. Anyone observing the cabby's courtesy only supposes that you have paid very handsomely for it.

Of course, there is pretence enough in the world without encouraging the increase of it, but yet there are occasions when a little side pays you.

MY CHRISTMAS MORNING WALK.

A TIME OF HAND-SHAKING AND HOMELY HOSPITALITY.

The day would lose much of its charm if any circumstance should prevent me from taking my Christmas morning walk.

Ever since I can remember having possessed a friend or a neighbour this once-a-year walk has never found me wanting.

When the post has been delivered; when you have given and received, when the breakfast is over, and when even Christmas, you find, has not caused you to forget your morning pipe or cigarette, then you may take this walk and find it a refreshing and a varied pleasure.

There is much going forward in the house, but you are not wanted. Whatever goes forward there is no concern of yours.

Only the happy result of the energies of the kitchen department come under your notice later on.

So out into the crisp, invigorating air you go, with a stout stick, and woollen gloves, and a well-filled cigar case; for you will meet men who like a luxury of this sort at Christmas.

Only within the circle of your neighbours does your walk take you. This is no day for lonely rambles. Indeed, you saunter out of the gate quite indifferent as to which road you take so long as you come in contact with your neighbours. This is your errand.

Along the road comes the postman, having delivered the last letter and parcel at the remotest house in the parish. You must stop to have a chat. You take this, the first, opportunity of congratulating him on the success his vegetables made at the village show a short time back in the fall.

The postman is delighted, and tells you all about the affair; how he nearly took the first for onions only Bill Wilkins, the blacksmith, did a little better, and so on.

Telling him to be sure and call at the house on his way back, to get "something to drink my health in," he goes on his way.

The hearty laughter you both indulge in has brought others to their cottage doors, and "Merry Christmas to you" is flying to and fro up and down every garden path.

You know enough about the lives of the villagers to hit the right nail on the head every time.

There's old Granny Turnbull, for instance, whose son emigrated. You tell her you have heard of his progress, and she smiles with pride and produces his last letter telling her of the life he is enjoying in "them foreign parts."

And on you go, cementing friendships, cracking a joke here, giving a word of sympathy there.

Your cigar case is not so full as when you started, and the village street seems almost fragrant with the smoke.

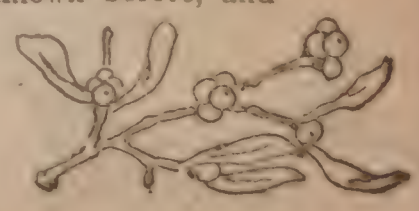
At every cottage door you are eagerly invited to "come in and sit down," and an attentive village dame brings forward a chair, dusting it the while, for your accommodation.

There are appetising smells lurking in the cottages. The jacks are turning slowly; there is a frizzling and a spluttering, half-smothered, in the ovens; and saucepans, excited over their contents, lift their lids and bubble out much steam, and then subside again.

The sharp frost has whitened the thatch on the cottage roofs, and the grassy roadsides sparkle in the pale sunlight.

When you have made the circle of the village and have once again reached your own domain, life seems a cheerier, pleasanter affair than you have ever known before, and the villagers the best of fellows.

R. M. FISON.



SUMMER SPORTSMEN IN WINTER.

HOW SOME CELEBRITIES SPEND THE OFF-SEASON.

Undoubtedly summer has one great advantage over winter in that the sports it offers are so much more numerous; and thus the number of "summer celebrities," if we may so call them, is considerably greater than that of the prominent sportsmen who shine in the winter.

It is interesting to discover what happens to these hot-weather celebrities when biting winds and short dark days keep them from their favourite sports and games.

Men who read their newspapers will have noticed recently an interesting move on the part of Lord Derby, the well-known owner of some fine racehorses, in striking out quite a new sporting line for himself by accepting the office of President of the Northern Rugby Union.

A well-known figure in another branch of racing is "Danny" Maher, the famous American jockey, whose enormous emoluments in the summer permit of his having a splendid time—with limitations—during the off season.

In private life "Danny" is one of the most genial souls alive, and he entertains large circles of friends right royally.

He enjoys a great reputation as a connoisseur of wines and other good things of life; but, alas, practically his sole pleasure in them consists in watching his guests' enjoyment. With his mind always concerned with his weight, most of them are "off" so far as he is concerned.

His winter sport is hunting; and he is a familiar figure at most of the big Leicestershire hunts.

Turning to cricket, we find that a great many players of the first rank are enthusiasts—though not always equally able exponents—at some winter game as well.

One great cricketer, however, who is equally at home on the football and cricket fields is Jack Sharp. From first-class county cricket he proceeds straightway to League football, and the fact that he is an English International will tell us all we want to know about his form.

Lord Hawke, Yorkshire's late skipper, spends his winters shooting and golfing.

C. B. Fry, the famous all-England cricketer, International footballer, and triple Blue at Oxford, has for some time past been kept so hard at work in business that the cricket field has seen him all too little.

Indeed, he only played in one big match this year, when, however, he made a characteristically big score. He has given up first-class football; but even now he finds time in the winter for high jumping practice, and he is still able to "do" 5ft. 6ins.

Perhaps the most notable cricketing recruit to the royal and ancient game of golf is W. G. Grace.

The "Doctor" has been playing golf for some years now, but at first he experienced some difficulty. It is of him that a story is told, which will bear repetition.

"W. G." had been swiping away lustily at a tee'd ball, which, however, his driver obstinately refused to hit.

At length, the great cricketer paused for breath, and wiping his perspiring forehead, observed to a bystander: "D'you know, if somebody would *bowl* the blamed thing at me, I'm sure I could hit it first time!"

Of course, many great summer sportsmen, particularly professional men, spend the close time in practising their own game. Cricketers, for instance, always have to keep a little in touch with the great summer game.

For the most part, the summer sportsmen do not excel at cold-season games; they merely go in for them for mere enjoyment to pass away the slack time.

LAWRENCE STANLEY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CLUB COLOURS.

I have now completed arrangements for the supply of colours for all members of THE MODERN MAN League.

Club colours are amongst the things that a man takes special pride in, and the necessity for producing colours for our League members was obvious.

The Brighton and Hove MODERN MAN Club was the first of all our clubs to be formed, and at the dinner to which they entertained me, I asked the members present to give me their advice as to the colours we should select.

It was not an evening-dress affair, and I happened to be wearing a tie of the "King's Own"—blue, gold, and purple. I did not suggest that these colours should be adopted, but I discovered afterwards that some of those present had observed my tie, and when the secretary of the club wrote to me giving me the decision of his committee, it was to inform me that, in their opinion, the best colours we could possibly have for THE MODERN MAN League would be similar to those of the "King's Own."

I have acted upon that suggestion, and have now made arrangements with Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, London, to supply these ties.

They are made in the finest silk, and the price for a bow-tie is 1s. 5½d., and for a wide-ended Oxford tie 2s. 5½d., post free.

Mufflers and belts in the League colours will also be available soon, but the ties are already on sale.

These colours are, I think, excellent in every way—anyhow, I have a prejudice in their favour. I trust that you will like them also.

THE TWO LATEST.

Still they come. Two further MODERN MAN Clubs are being formed this week, and I trust that all readers, and especially all League members in the districts concerned will communicate at once with the gentlemen who are organising them.

Mr. H. Edwards, 101, Gladstone Street, Bradford, is organising a club in that town. Yorkshiremen are known all over the world as thorough sportsmen, and I am glad to say that the circulation of this paper in Yorkshire is very satisfactory. I trust, therefore, that Mr. Edwards will be enthusiastically supported in the formation of a club in Bradford.

Mr. F. Dawson, 15, Bramston Road, Harlesden, is getting up a club in that district. In the letter which he sends me he points out, and very reasonably, that the residential club which has been formed in London is not sufficient to meet the needs of so many readers as we have in the Metropolis. I quite agree with him, and I am giving every encouragement to the clubs that are rapidly forming in every part of London.

The residential club meets a special need, but I do not see why it should be the only MODERN MAN Club in London, and I trust that further London clubs, similar to those which have already been so successfully established in the provinces, will spring up.

Once more I should like to emphasise the fact that we all owe a debt to the men who take upon themselves the work of organisation, for the task is by no means an easy one, and I look to my readers to make it as pleasant as possible by giving them all the support they can.

FOR EX-YEOMEN.

I have received the following communication from Mr. L. M. Musgrove, Honorary Secretary of the Yeomanry Old Comrades Association, 54, Waldemar Avenue, Fulham:

"Ex-Yeomen will be pleased to know that a Yeomanry Old Comrades' Association has been formed with the following objects:

"(*a*) To centralise ex-Yeomen, from whom Volunteers could be drawn in time of need. (*b*) To secure recruits for Yeomanry regiments. (*c*) To assist necessitous members. (*d*) To form a benevolent fund. (*e*) To organise social functions for the promoting of goodfellowship and Imperial ideas.

"The annual subscription is five shillings, and present members of Yeomanry regiments are eligible as honorary members at the same subscription.

"The committee, on which seven Yeomanry regiments are represented, is very anxious to get the movement as widely known as possible and appeals to all Yeomen, present and past, to assist in this respect. Applications for membership should be addressed to the hon. sec., Mr. L. M. Musgrove, 54, Waldemar Avenue, Fulham, S.W."

I know many men who, owing to various circumstances, have been obliged to give up Territorial work, but in whose hearts there still remains the old love for the force, and to them such an Association as that referred to should undoubtedly prove attractive.

I advise all readers interested in the matter to communicate with Mr. Musgrove.

THE MODERN MAN SPIRIT.

Mr. F. Gudgeon, 13, Central Road, Gorton, Manchester, sends me the following letter:

"On Monday morning," he says, "I called, as usual, at my newsagent's for my copy of the old paper. As a rule, I pick my copy up and then pay the man. Not thinking I walked up, took my copy, gave the man a penny, and walked off.

"I did not discover my mistake until the evening, when I noticed that the price for the double Christmas number was twopence.

"I called at the shop and told the newsagent. He said that he had not noticed that the price was twopence until late in the morning, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I learned that practically every reader came back and paid the extra penny.

"The newsagent seemed surprised that they should come back and pay after leaving the shop; but it is only what one would expect from readers of THE MODERN MAN.

"My hat off to readers in Manchester for their thoughtfulness as well as their honesty."

BANKS.

Mr. J. A. Busfield, Secretary of the East Morley and Bradford Savings Bank, writes as follows:

"In reference to Mr. Cooper's article, might we point out that the Post Office Savings Bank is not the only State-controlled bank in England? In most of the large towns in the British Isles are established Trustee Savings Banks, which are, more or less, directly under the control of the State.

"Why not insist on the present restrictions as to the amount to be deposited (£50 per annum, and £200 maximum) being withdrawn?"

The suggestion is a thoroughly sound one.

KINDEST GREETINGS.

In our Christmas number I offered you my Christmas salutations. Permit me to do so again, as this is our Christmas week issue.

May your Yuletide be a merry one, and may your New Year be more prosperous and happy than any that has gone before.

Good luck to all of you, my readers and friends,

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

"INFAMOUS CONDUCT."

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

Doctors must not advertise in any shape or form whatsoever, nor may they write on medical subjects for lay papers. The latter rule, however, is not very strictly enforced.

Doctors must not openly give interviews to the Press. Sir William Broadbent was furious at being caricatured in "Vanity Fair." It was not "Spy's" work that made him angry, but the idea that people might think he had given sittings for the purpose.

You may go to a specialist direct, but he will not come to you unless your own doctor is present. In such a case you should not give the specialist his fee direct, but hand it to your own man, who will transfer it. If you fail to pay the specialist's fees your own doctor is responsible for them.

A specialist in one disease must not treat a patient for another disease.

It is "infamous conduct" if a registered doctor knowingly assists an unregistered or unqualified man, and he is not even permitted to assist an unregistered dentist to give an anæsthetic.

A doctor cannot attend another doctor's patients without his consent.

A doctor is not bound to accept a call to a case, but if he is offered his fee beforehand, he must be prepared to show good reason for refusing it.

The professional law in regard to advertising by dentists is rather mixed. The General Medical Council permits dentists to advertise, but forbids certain forms of it, such as advertising that you are better than other dentists.

Members of the British Dental Association are not allowed to advertise, while certain medical colleges, as, for example, the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, absolutely forbid their dental licentiates to advertise in any shape or form.

Registered dentists may not employ unqualified assistants for anything except purely mechanical work.

A dentist, however, is not liable to be removed from the Register for holding "heretical" beliefs on medical, surgical, or dental subjects.

Medical men and dentists are liable to expulsion if convicted of a crime or felony, but not for a political offence so long as it is committed out of His Majesty's Dominions.

Coming to the Stock Exchange we find that no member is allowed to advertise, and brokers must not deal direct with each other, but through "jobbers."

Turning to sport, it is "infamous conduct" in general terms for an amateur in any way to make money out of the game he plays. But the amateur rules of the various sporting bodies differ greatly.

The Football Association, for example, allows the amateur to receive his hotel and travelling expenses. The National Cyclists' Union does not, except in special circumstances.

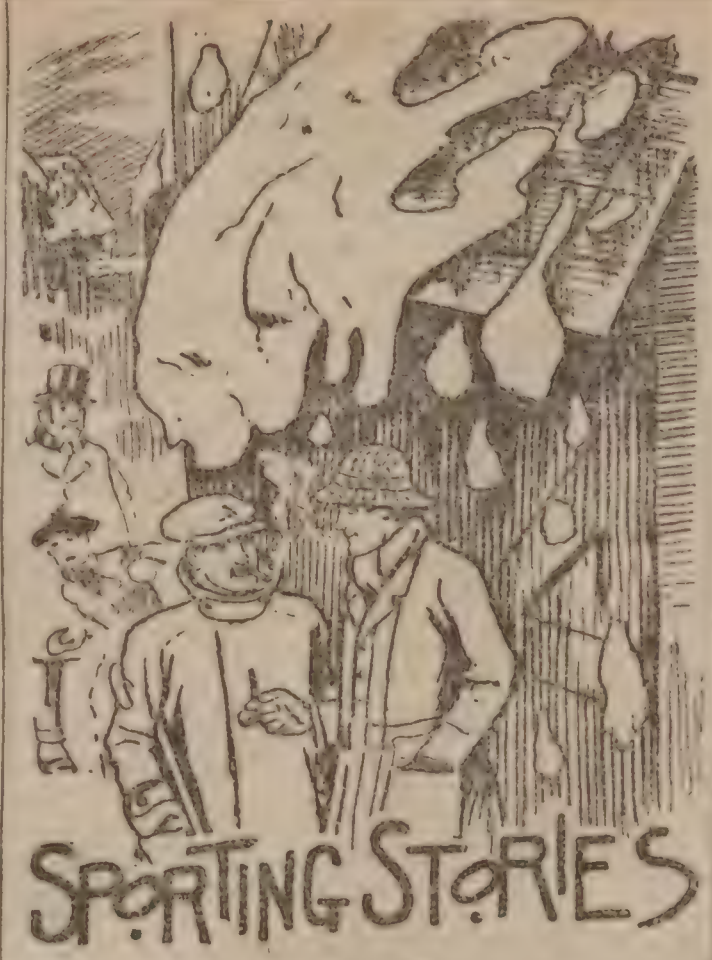
The F.A. referee is paid and ranks as an amateur. The Rugby Union "whistler" may receive only his bare hotel and travelling expenses.

Golf encourages the working man amateur. The Amateur Rowing Association won't recognise him at any price.

It may startle some readers to learn that the M.C.C. has no official definition of an "amateur," but the fact explains a good deal that is puzzling in first-class cricket.

Some governing bodies hold that a professional at one game is a professional at all, others do not. The amateur golfer must not make clubs or other implements of the game for sale, but a Football Association amateur may engage in the football trade.

G. WHITECHURCH.



A WHINE.

"What do you think of this sherry?" asked the host, smacking his lips.

"Not bad stuff," replied the guest, "but it tastes as if it has been drunk before."

THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCE.

FIRST SMALL BOY: "Who's that lady over the road?"

SECOND SMALL BOY: "That isn't a lady; that's mother."

HEARD IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

TEACHER OF GEOMETRY: "What? Your father told you that two sides of a triangle are the shortest distance between two points. Tut! tut! What is your father?"

YOUTH: "Please sir, he drives a taxi-cab."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The editor of the crank paper run by a society for the protection of dumb animals lit an extra strong cigar and took a nip of special whisky to fortify himself for the task of wading through his correspondence.

He sighed as he dropped one letter into the wastepaper-basket, and opened the next. It read:

"Dear Editor,—

"I understand that there is a very cruel practice now in vogue upon the racecourse, many horses, according to the reports in the newspapers, being scratched. Surely this is unnecessary. I am certain the dear things would run just as well without being scratched at all."

And the editor quietly fainted away.

A FIND.

Returning to the hotel after a night with "the boys," Jones discovered a strange nightdress on his bed.

Going on to the landing he called: "Pewter—I mean porter."

The porter arrived in due course, and was shown the strange garment.

"'Tisn't mine, sir," he said, after a long scrutiny. "Really, sir, it isn't mine."

"I know it isn't, you shilly fool," retorted the inebriated one.

"What shall I do with it?" asked the porter.

"Take it away—and fill it," said Jones, dreaming of the saloon bar.

LANDLADIES AND LAW.

CLAIMS THAT MAY BE MADE AND ACTIONS THAT MAY BE TAKEN BY THE LODGER.

Of course, the first duty of a landlady or landlord towards lodgers is to see that the premises to be let are in a habitable condition.

The presence of "creeping things" is sufficient to render any agreement to occupy rooms null and void. If, on entering apartments, you are told that there is not, and that there has not been recently, any tenant suffering from infectious disease, and you find out afterwards that such is, or has been, the case you can leave at once and pay no rent.

A month's hard labour, a fine of £20, or some term of imprisonment is the penalty for deceiving a lodger on such a vital matter.

When leaving diggings your notice can be either written or verbal. If you take diggings for a certain period definitely, you need give no notice before that period is up.

Should your landlady's house be in the hands of bailiffs you can claim protection for your goods and chattels under the Law of Distress Amendment Act, 1908. Bailiffs cannot seize them.

A landlord or landlady is not responsible for goods stolen from the rooms you occupy unless the stolen goods are expressly given into his or her charge.

When she neglects an ordinary duty and so allows a thief to get away with goods, then you have a claim.

An innkeeper may detain the goods of a customer sufficient to cover any unpaid or just account. Not so a lodging or boarding-house keeper.

The landlady should protect herself by taking only those people who are substantial or who can satisfy her of their ability to pay.

If she does not do this and loses her lodger and her account her remedy is in the County Court.

In this matter, as in all others, the wisest course is to avoid all possibility of friction or litigation.

Lodgers should be careful to take rooms from none but the right sort of people, and landladies should see to it that their lodgers are people of substance.

Pipes of Quality

There is a real pleasure in possessing a pipe of the best quality, and the name alone of Bewlay is always enough to vouch for the excellence of a pipe.

Best picked briar, perfectly made, silver mounts, well-balanced and symmetrical designs—all Bewlay Patent Pipes are splendid

BEWLAY Patent PIPE

is the one through which no nicotine or tobacco-dust can reach the mouth—the pipe that enables the smoker to have a cool, sweet, wholly enjoyable smoke.

In all the best and most popular shapes, 3/6, 5/6, and 6/6. When ordering, please state shape required.

Further particulars are given in our interesting booklet, **"Pipes of All Peoples,"** sent post free.

BEWLAY & CO., Ltd., 49, STRAND.

Estd. 1750. Importers of the famous Flor de Dindigul Cigars.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

GYMNASIUM SHOES.

Rubber shoes must always be worn in the gymnasium, but the quantity of that precious material should be reduced to the lowest possible amount.

Being impervious to air and moisture, rubber has a kind of sucking effect on the feet, which, after ten minutes' confinement in a certain type of rubber shoe, invariably begin to perspire more or less freely.

The majority of black gymnasium shoes have a band of rubber or rubber composition around the side of the heel and across the toe.

These are quite unnecessary, and the white shoes, composed of canvas with merely a rubber sole, are infinitely preferable.

Perspiring feet are uncomfortable, and when discomfort is experienced, exercise becomes more of a hardship than a pleasure.

The upper parts of gymnasium shoes should be wholly of canvas, and shoes built with portions of rubber partly covering the uppers should be barred by the man who would wish for comfort while engaged in the practice of physical culture.

AN EXERCISE FOR ALL THE MUSCLES.

Stand at attention with the arms close to the sides, head well up and chest thrown forward.

Raise the left leg gradually in the left direction, and, at the same time, raise the arms to their fullest extent above the head so that the hands touch.

Do not droop the head.

Returning to the first position, repeat the movements with the right leg.

In this case the body will be slightly inclined to the left; when the left leg is moved, the body will be inclined in the other direction.

Throughout the exercise the shoulders must be kept well back, and the head must not be allowed to drop forward.

Get the legs as far up as possible, but be careful not to overstrain the joints

When the illustrated position has been reached, pause a while and keep the arms as steady as possible.

BODY-BUILDING IN WINTER.

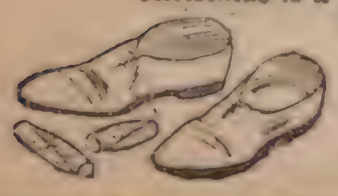
Much nonsense is talked about the food a man should take, but, with certain limitations, anything a man really likes will do him good.

In winter-time, especially, a man should eat as much as he can digest with comparative ease. He has to fortify himself against cold, and at the same time, build up or sustain his strength.

In winter greasy foods do a man good, and he should not allow himself to be ruled by food fanatics.

It is a significant fact that our biggest athletes allow themselves much freedom as regards diet, and in winter they believe in substantial meals.

Readers should welcome these remarks, because Christmas is a season that affords ample opportunity for internal fortification.



CONSTANT AIR BATHS.

Although I am by no means a fresh-air crank, I cannot but acknowledge the refreshing effects that cool air brings to the body.

I have commented before on the advisability of sleeping with open windows, but another aspect of the case has lately struck me.

A pleasant, freshening sensation is produced, when you are wearing fairly thick everyday clothing, by contracting the chest, leaving a clear space of air between the skin and the shirt or vest.

When you expand the chest again, there is an upward rush of warm air which can be felt against the chin, and when you contract once more the cool air rushes back to your skin.

When waiting for a train and on similar occasions, it is a good plan to repeat this motion several times, the effect of fresh air on the skin being admittedly beneficial.

A TWISTING EXERCISE.

Sit firmly upon the floor with the legs stretched out to their fullest extent in front, and the heels touching.

Thrust the arms behind without bending them, and place the backs of the hands together so that the finger-nails touch.

Keeping the head in an upright position, twist the trunk as far as possible to the left without bending the arms or moving the heels and hands.

Keep the finger-nails touching.

Return to the position illustrated, and then twist the body to the right, observing the same precautions as to heels, arms, and hands as before.

Repeat the exercise five times.

At first it will be found somewhat difficult to twist far round, but with practice the amount of turning will be increased.

Only the trunk, not the legs, are moved.

ROPE-CLIMBING.

As an auxiliary to any systematic course of physical culture, rope-climbing is a most useful exercise.

The rope-climber need have little fear of strain, for he has only his own weight to lift.

The advantages to be derived from rope-climbing are many and varied, for practically every muscle of the body is brought into play.

It is easy to see that all the muscles of the arms and legs must benefit largely, but a point not usually recognised is the ability of the exercise to strengthen the gripping power of the hands.

Another point often ignored is the tendency to increase the size of the chest and harden the muscles of the back.

At rope-climbing the novice should adopt the method which requires the whole power of both arms and legs.

The rope should be grasped with both hands, the free end being allowed to hang between the thighs, under the knee and across the instep of one of the feet.

In order to avoid all possibility of slipping, it is advisable to place the other foot on the rope where it touches the instep.

By strenuous working of the legs the body is propelled upwards.

A good course of dumb-bell training is necessary before the more difficult "hand-over-hand" method is tried.

When working on this style it is as well to commence easily, taking only short reaches at the beginning and increasing the pull gradually.

An inch-and-a-quarter to an inch-and-a-half in diameter is the best size for the rope.

Rope-climbing possesses the great advantage of requiring little apparatus and no gymnasium.

Ropes may be fixed almost anywhere, but in fitting up the rope it must be remembered that a loose knot or fastening may bring about fatal consequences.

A NOVEL EXERCISE.

This is, perhaps, one of the most trying exercises I have given for some considerable time, but anyone in a fit condition should be able go through the described movements successfully.

Expand the chest.

Lie flat upon the floor, the head touching the carpet or mat. If, as a rule, you perform your exercises upon a bare floor, it is as well, in this case, to procure a small mat for the head to rest upon.

Now bend the knees, and bring the feet towards the trunk, at the same time clasping the hands on the chest.

So far, everything is quite simple, but the next movement, that of raising the body as far as possible, requires strength, endurance, and steadiness..

Get the chest as far out as possible and let the head and feet alone touch the ground. The sketch illustrates the required position.

The exercise must not be repeated more than five times, as it is apt to become tiring.

If any anticipation of headache is felt, the performance of the exercise should be postponed. When certain parts of the head are in contact with the ground, especially if the weight of the body rests upon the head, it often happens that nasty pains make themselves felt in that quarter.

Be careful, too, that you do not cramp or strain the thighs.

Try to breathe regularly throughout; it is not advisable to take a huge breath at commencing and to gasp at the conclusion.

The steadier and more regular the breathing, the more beneficial the exercise will be.

Boxing, Ju-jitsu, Wrestling, Weight-Lifting,

and exercises for health, strength, and development taught privately, in classes, and Junior Sporting Club. Very moderate terms. Tuition by post a speciality. Pair Boxing Gloves and postal lessons, 10s. Sweaters (wool) from 3s. 6d. Punch Balls from 6s. 3d. Other sporting outfits, &c., at equally low prices. Illustrated Book on Ju-jitsu and particulars for two penny stamps from

VERNON SMITH (Instructor Volunteers), adjoining BUSH HOTEL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, LONDON, W.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,

At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE BELL RINGERS

A SKETCH.

By SYDNEY NORTH.

There is a pleasant church square in an old-world town that the antique engravings show as being full of little mounds and dotted with ladies in robes of clinging white, not unlike the present fashion, taking such air as blows into their coal-scuttle-shaped bonnets.

Nowadays there are no mounds, and the square has been transversed this forty years with two strips of pavement between which there is a road.

Those strips of pavement shocked the quiet inhabitants of the town in the old days for they turned the church square into a common thoroughfare, but what would they say to the electric trams that bump and clang along the permanent way to-day?

The strips of pavement drove away the rank and fashion whose houses formed the square.

The old bell-ringers who, mindful of their class inferiority, used to approach the belfry of the church by back ways, have given place to other and younger campanologists who come down on the electric cars from all parts of the town, stride boldly across the strips of pavement, through the big wrought-iron gates that lead down the broad way that finishes at the Norman porch of the Church of St. Nicholas, and thus—often smoking until their feet crunch on the gravel outside the belfrey tower on the north side of the big church—they proceed to climb the stone stairs.

There are in all over two dozen of them—more than the full peal you will say. But the Church of St. Nicholas is never without its reserve fund of ringers. It is proud of its bells, for there are few peals as good in all England.

Its bell-ringers, young as most of them are, have developed seriousness early. It seems, judging from their appearance and demeanour, that the way to make our young men refrain from taking too light a view of life is simply to make bell-ringers of them.

Let them be apprenticed to the science of campanology. Let them climb the ever-winding stone stairway to the belfry, and from it learn that that also is the way of Life.

The young men who aspire to have their names painted in white letters on a funereal ground of black on the boards in the belfry that record the ringing of "a peal of Grandsire Caters" with (I forget how many) thousands of "changes," must go through a deal.

There is a man I know who was called "Young-Jimmy-Rogers, the carpenter."

Now, since campanology has got him, he is merely a bell-ringer. His case is the case of all of them. They all had names once, and trades. Now they are, simply and solely, bell-ringers. They do carpentering, plumbing, or building in the intervals of time when they are not ringing or talking of bells. That is all.

I will revert to the man I knew as "Young-Jimmy-Rogers, the carpenter."

He used to knock out his pipe on his heel out of pure lightness of heart the first few times before he climbed the belfry stairs.

He did it quickly. Now he taps it slowly upon the big square tomb beneath which a knight of old is supposed to lie.

In this thing he is merely doing just as the others do. It has come to him as naturally as taking off his cap when he passes along the dizzily high, oaken balcony that looks down and down into the nave far below.

But before he reaches it he has to climb a goodly part of what a bell-ringer who once made a jest once termed "Jacob's Ladder"—because it finished nearer heaven than anything else in the town.

Yet it is, as I have said, also a thing that teaches one of Life's climbing. . . .

As you go up, first of all the winding stairway is light and plain to the eye. The way is clear and there is no stumbling. Then you lose the light of the doorway as you get higher—the doorway of Childhood, we may call it, just for fancy's sake.

You come into a gloomier portion of the climb now, lit only by the tiny slits of the little windows that appear from outside as mere vertical marks on the tower.

In the dusky way you slip sometimes on a worn stair—as all of us slip, in maturing Youth, over the same fault.

The broader light that appears as you traverse the corridor leading from the top of the first long flight into the older tower may be likened to Marriage, and once again you ascend the first few steps in the clear light of day, coming gradually into the gloom of middle age.

And, then—blank darkness.

There is nothing to lighten your way—for, from middle age on, man, utterly unbridled, moulds himself as he wills.

Yet there is the stone pillar upon which your hand bears. And this stone pillar that guides you in the darkness has been worn slippery by the hands of others that have come through the period of darkness.

The light shows fitfully now, and those of you who do not take the boarded-over crumbling stairway, that has been found unreliable through the Ages, keep ever on, holding to that shiny pillar until you come—to the balcony that looks upon the church interior and the star-spangled roof above it, so faultlessly and grandly designed, for it echoes the prayers said to God.

Now, seeing that it is this way that "Young-Jimmy-Rogers, the carpenter," takes thrice a week is it to be wondered that he is serious before his time?

From the church balcony the way is clear to the belfry itself, where are gathered the rest of the bell-ringers.

Some are looking out of the big ancient windows that give a view of the church roof, its majestic Norman towers, its splendid, regal, generously-designed renovations that show that the art of the church-builder did not die with the middle-ages as some would have us believe.

Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom . . . .

The big clock of St. Nicholas is telling this winter evening that it is the sixth hour.

"There she goes," says a bell-ringer solemnly.

The fattest, heaviest man of all, the conductor of this Sunday peal, stands on the highest box and puts his foot under the tightly rivetted leather strap.

Boom! . . . . . Boom! . . . . . Boom!

The ringers are each at their place grasping the twelve ropes.

"Let her go!"

You hear the ordered slapping of the pulled-down-and-caught-again ropes on the mats.

Beyond the church square, wither the wind blows the sound, the Respectable People hurriedly deck themselves for church.

THE ETIQUETTE OF HAND-SHAKING.

RULES THAT GOVERN A GROWING CUSTOM.

People shake hands more than they used to in the days when even fairly intimate friends bowed ceremoniously to each other on meeting. Until fairly recently it was etiquette to bow only on being introduced to a stranger, more especially a lady, but nowadays an introduction is usually followed by a hand-shake.

You should remember, however, that it is for the senior to offer his hand first, and in the case of a lady you should always wait for her to hold out her hand.

A man can show his breeding in the way he shakes hands as in other things.

There is the pompous man who, to an inferior, or one he considers an inferior, proffers one or two fingers.

A rather similar type gives you his hand without looking at you. Sometimes this may be due to shyness, but as a rule it is the mark of an untrustworthy or a mannerless man.

When you shake hands with a person you should always look at him, though that is not to say that you should stare hard at him, meanwhile retaining his hand, a trick some men have.

Probably you know the nervous man who suddenly shoots out his hand, with the result that either you miss it or it knocks against your hand.

There is, of course, the idiot who thinks it funny to crush your hand in his "iron grip," and there is also the unutterable bounder who takes a caddish delight in squeezing a lady's hand without the slightest encouragement or warrant for doing so.

At the same time, a limp handshake is ill-mannered, for it conveys the impression that you consider the other party of little importance. The ideal handshake should be firm yet gentle, and your manner cordial without being gushing or obsequious.

In Society a nervous man is apt to feel that he is all hands. On entering a crowded drawing-room or on any occasion where there are a number of people there is no need to shake hands with all of them. Indeed, it is ill-bred to make a hand-shaking pilgrimage round the room. Shake hands with your hostess and then bow to the rest.

Similarly, on leaving shake hands with your hostess and then bow to the remaining guests, though you may shake hands with other members of the household or anyone you have been talking to.

As a rule, you should never shake hands with a glove on, though, of course, when meeting in the street you may not always have time to remove your glove.

At a dance you need neither remove your white glove nor apologise for it, but at dances it is more usual to bow than to shake hands on being introduced.

It is, of course, ill-bred to cross another person's hand when two of you are greeting or bidding goodbye to a third party, nor should you ever shake hands across another person at table.

It is, as a rule, bad form to shake hands without rising from your seat. Between intimate friends, however, and with busy men who cannot be expected to be continually jumping up and down, this rule of courtesy need not be observed.

The great thing to remember is that when introduced to a lady, or a man who is your senior in years or social position always to wait for her or him to offer the handshake, otherwise you may endure the supremely uncomfortable sensation of holding out your hand to meet one that is not forthcoming.

H. NEWMAN.

The Snowstorm.

Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust,
And freeze, thou bitter biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!

—BURNS.

It seems years since we had a really good fall of snow.

When I was a boy I remember when going to school we often had to walk along the tops of the dykes (stone walls bordering the road) for the snow was more than waist high. Often, too, one fell or was pushed off the dyke into an extra deep drift where one floundered and wallowed, and yelled and thoroughly enjoyed life.

But to us who live in London snow is almost mythical. We read of building snow-men and of snowballing as of strange customs in some far-off land.

Perhaps it is well. Snow in London, or any other great city, is an unlovely thing. At least, that is true of England, for Berlin or Vienna wrapped in snow are beautiful.

LONDON SLUSH AND COUNTRY SNOW.

Here—well, you know what it is—a fall of snow, and then a thaw. The streets ankle-deep in yellowish-white slush until they have been cleared, and then mud, and the gutters running yellow.

But snow in the country, when the frost is holding, is a very different thing.

They say that the glare and monotony of the snow drive Arctic explorers almost mad, but, provided you do not get too much of it, snow is inexpressibly soothing.

The country side when deep with snow is like the sea—vast, mysterious, compelling, balm to unsteady nerves, an anodyne for weary brain and heart. The snow beautifies whatsoever it touches. The trees that stood so gaunt and grim are now like fine ladies decked in costly furs. The most tumble-down of cottages becomes a fairy mansion when thatched and wreathed with snow.

ANTICIPATION.

The snow brings peace, but it can also be exhilarating.

If you care for the snow you know when it is coming. Apart from such portents as a grey and lowering sky you seem to smell it afar off. Probably you have noticed it, this faint peculiar odour in the air when a snowstorm is at hand.

Then it begins, and you clap on your coat and cap and big boots and go for a ten mile trudge in the teeth of the storm.

But to enjoy it, you must have the right kind of snow. The snow that comes in big, flopping flakes that fall straight down and melt as they touch the ground is no use to anybody. It simply makes you wet, clammy and uncomfortable.

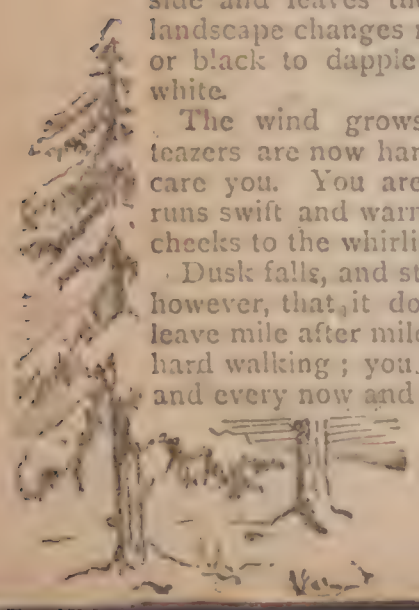
The kind of snowstorm you want to be out in is that which comes on a grey day with the thermometer well below freezing point and begins in small, feathery, swirling flakes, that touch you like gossamer, yet, as you know, have the power to bring the mightiest express train to a standstill, to paralyse the commerce of a nation.

OUT IN THE SNOWSTORM.

A teasing, ticklish, tantalising imp of a snow this. It gets into your eyes and ears, down your collar and up your sleeves; it covers you on one side and leaves the other dry as a bone. The landscape changes magically, turning from brown or black to dapple grey, and then to glistening white.

The wind grows sharper, and the feathery teazers are now hard, stinging pellets. But what care you. You are into your stride, your blood runs swift and warm, and you bare your tingling cheeks to the whirling hornets of the snow.

Dusk falls, and still the snow holds on, so dry, however, that it does not clog your feet, as you leave mile after mile behind you. Still, it is pretty hard walking; you must keep your head down, and every now and then you slip and flounder.



But it is great, this trudge against the snow, and when at last you call a halt every drop of blood in you seems to be electrified.

Back again with the wind behind you. It is a shifting wind, however, and ever and anon it drives the snow in your face.

It is still fine powdery snow, but denser. You can scarcely see your way. Shadowy forms flit past you; you hear the panting of a labouring horse. It is as if you were moving in a fog, but a clean fog.

Pleasant pictures fill your mind. It has set in for the night, and by the morn not a blade of grass, not a foot of earth will be visible.

VISIONS OF COMFORT.

You promise yourself a morning walk over that crisp, clean snow, sparkling with a myriad diamond points.

There are visions of more immediate interest. You are nearing home, and you seem to see the blazing fire, the warming-slippers, the easy chair, the well-spread supper table, and old Togo—most faithful of bull-terriers, but no lover of the snow—blinking on the hearthrug.

Your landlady exclaims at the sight of you, covered with snow, but you shake and stamp yourself fairly clean on the doorstep, and kick off your boots in the hall, and so into an old coat and dry socks and down to the creature comforts that await you.

As you smoke your after-supper pipe the snow comes swirling down the chimney and sets the fire a sizzling. No need to ask; it is snowing hard, and somehow or other the thought pleases you.

BY THE WARM FIRESIDE.

There is no particular reason why it should do so, yet it is very good to sit by a fire and to know from its sudden splutterings and spittings that outside the snow is driving hard—at least, that is how I feel about it. Curious this fascination of the snow, but none the less very real.

You get up and peep through the blind just for the sheer pleasure of watching the tiny white birds swoop down out of the void and flutter to rest on the window pane.

And when you wake in the morning your world is one great Christmas card—a Hassall picture of Tam-o'-Shantered, red-muffled boys snowballing irate policemen, of portly old gentlemen suddenly sitting down on slides, of snowed-up cabs and trains.

It is all very good and cheery.

NORMAN FRASER.

CHRISTMAS FALLACIES.

It is a fallacy:

That girls will not let you kiss them unless you are both under the mistletoe.

So long as you are under cover of the darkness or nobody can see you, most blushing damsels will let you embrace them.

That most children believe in the existence of Santa Claus.

They know that if they openly announced their disbelief, Daddy would heave a relieved sigh and present them with a shilling drum and sixpence to go and play it somewhere well out of earshot.

That people attach great importance to hearing the chimes ringing on Christmas Eve.

It isn't for that reason that they sit up.

It's the nice hot glass of whisky-punch, in which they toast the advent of Christmas, that they are really waiting for.

That the postman really likes carrying a huge sack of Christmas greetings along miles of snowbound country roads.

What he really wants is a Christmas box.

That your wife is imbued with the Christmas spirit of peace and goodwill when she fondles you effusively just before the festive day.

She is but indulging in intelligent anticipation of her Christmas present.

That men who growl about the hypocrisy of Christmas really mean what they say.

If the season ceased to be celebrated in the usual way, these Christmas grumblers would probably miss it more than any of us.

That the reason for the appearance of ghosts at Christmas is a malign desire to spoil people's enjoyment.

The poor things really want to join unobserved in the general fun.

TAKING IT OUT OF HIM.

At some games, when we are losing, we become desperate. We do not, of course, lose our tempers, but we should dearly love to "get at" our opponent.

In such sports as both kinds of football we have ample opportunities of doing so, but it is in billiards, chess, and kindred games that we are so sorely tried.

And when at billiards we become desperate, then it is all up with us.

Card games are the chief provokers of temper. In football you may discount a run of hard luck by taking it out of one of your opponents, or even by dashing through a mass of them; but at bridge, whist, and similar games, where skill and luck are mixed, you can only sit still, inwardly comment and wonder what sin you have committed to bring down the anger of the gods.

There is yet another aspect to this question, and that is, the possibilities afforded by some sports for taking it out of a "rotter."

Boxing is a case in point, where the thump thump of your glove upon your opponent's body is so pleasant if that opponent requires taking down a peg or two.

AN ARMY CHRISTMAS

HOW IT WAS SPENT AND ENJOYED.

I have just been admiring a picture in the Christmas number of an illustrated paper. It is quite a pretty picture. It represents Christmas night dinner in an Army mess. There are about thirty officers present, and the President is proposing "The King."

A nice picture; now for a little cold fact.

In nine cases out of ten there is no Christmas dinner in a mess for two reasons: first, to give the servants a rest (they usually need it after *their* Christmas dinner); and second, every officer who has civilian friends—and "everybody's loved by someone," y' know—is sure to be dining with them. Christmas dinner in the mess is usually a solitary feast for the orderly dog.

CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE ORDERLY.

The last time I was orderly officer on Christmas Day, the only thing I could get for dinner was a ham-bone and a tin of rather dubious sardines, the cook having had "hysterics."

No, Christmas Day in the Service is Tommy's day, the one day in the year when the iron bonds of discipline are relaxed; when he may literally smack his officer on the back, and when there is no need for any Oliver Twist business at dinner time.

Away with nearly twenty years and put me back in Mandalay—for which, please read Newcastle, Jamaica.

A quaint place, Newcastle, a conglomeration (good word that!) of Noah's Ark-like huts perched on the mountainside some 2,000 feet above the sea, wherein Port Royal sizzles and swelters and mixes swizzles, *anglicé* cocktails.

ROUND THE BARRACK ROOMS.

At dinner-time on Christmas Day it is customary for the C.O. and his staff to visit every barrack-room, drinking to the health of the company and making a short speech. Now, with barrack-rooms dotted all over the hillside this was necessarily a long business, and my barrack-room was the last of all to be visited.

It lay on a far-flung spur and was to be reached only by a narrow path, bordered on the one side by rock; on the other side there was a sheer drop of several hundred feet.

My company were a pretty festive lot, and when my skipper—one of the best that ever drew a promissory note—and I arrived some were already rather far gone.

Indeed, when at last the C.O. arrived and was making his speech he was somewhat disconcerted by horrid moans and groans issuing from the bread cupboard, where it had been necessary to incarcerate three damn hard cases.

MIXED DRINKS.

We had to wait about an hour for the C.O. and—well, I will only say that there was no stint of liquor.

Skipper and I had provided the colour-sergeant with sundry bottles of port, sherry wine, and brandy, while our mutual little bit of splosh towards the dinner had been converted into a thirty-six gallon cask of beer, in fact, two casks, which, as we were below strength, worked out at about a gallon a man.

Port is good, sherry-wine has its points, and beer is a man's drink all the time. But I am quite sure they were never meant to mix.

Still I might have survived, had it not been for a certain dastardly trick played on me.

After making my fifth speech, in the course of which I was embraced by the biggest blackguard in the company, I felt thirsty again and gratefully accepted a large and foaming glass of beer.

I was a bit of a beer-shifter in those days, and the glass was empty before I realised that it was rather strong beer.

As a matter of fact the devils had made it three-parts neat brandy, and I soon began to feel the effects of this drink.

LOSING AN ADJUTANT.

I don't remember much of the subsequent celebrations, but I know the C.O., who was popular, was chaired round and round the room, only unfortunately they got him head downwards. I fancy the old chap was a sheet or two in the wind himself, for I do remember that he sang a song, which was rather unusual for a C.O.

However, at last he ambled off on his old grey pony. He was alone, the Adjutant having been lost, two barrack-rooms before, while the Quartermaster had fallen in the open swimming bath and been hung out to dry.

Skipper and I prepared to follow on our nags, and the whole company turned out to help us to mount. I certainly needed some assistance, for I fell off three times before I was settled (more or less) firmly in the saddle.

Some silly ass gave my mount a smack on the rump and off she went like an arrow from a bow. Ahead was the C.O., he and his fat nag almost completely blocking the narrow path.

I gave a warning howl, and then barged slap into him.

How we did not both go over the khud will never be known. In some miraculous fashion I managed to squeeze past him and arrived at the mess at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. My mare must have been Christmassing too, for she tried to jump the mess pailings, failed, and sent me headlong into a monkey-puzzle tree.

After a very heavy champagne lunch we played snooker pool, and I snatched every tizzy they had got.

Unregenerate memories, but to me pleasing.

"CHINSTRAP."

HOW TO LOSE YOUR MONEY.

The cry to-day (it comes largely from those who do not know what they are saying) is "Back to the land." At any price, anyhow, on any terms, go "back to the land."

This is their advice. If you are in a hurry to lose your money the best thing you can do is to follow this advice.

Now, land hunger is one of the strongest appetites of most men, for most of us have been born and bred in the country, coming to town later to find a living.

But to-day it is easier to become Prime Minister than to go "back to the land" and make a living on it. No man can hope to succeed (in spite of the talk and twaddle about small holdings) unless he has practically unlimited capital.

There are thousands of young people sick of town life as clerks and what not, who are pining for a breath of the country and who snatch at every word about small holdings as a sort of straw to a drowning man.

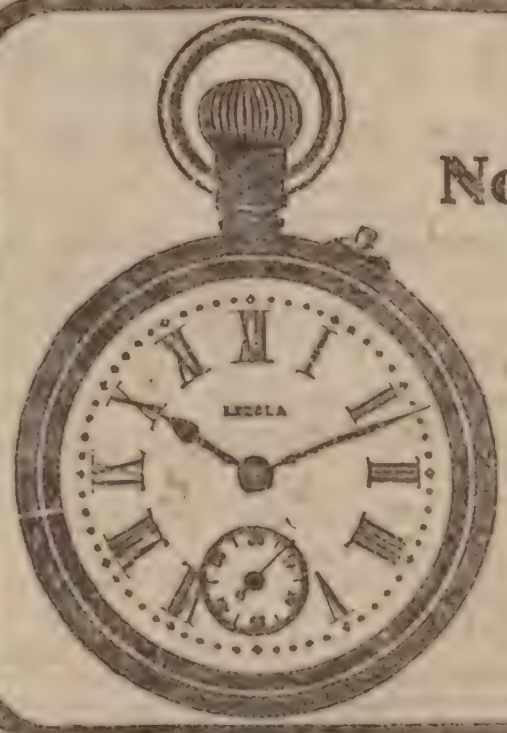
The poultry farm is a favourite idea; but the poultry farm is a snare and a delusion. The small holder, the poultry farmer, and the small man on the land to-day has a terrible struggle.

If I were a tradesman selling a few "lines" which were also sold by, say, Harrod's and Selfridge's, I should not plump my little lock-up shop next door to either of these establishments. It would be madness.

But the small holder is in a worse position than I should be. Wherever he sets up he has a Harrod's on one side, a Selfridge's on the other, a Whiteley's at the back of him, and an Army and Navy Stores in front.

In other words, he is surrounded by big farms. Big farms are at present the only paying farms.

So stick to your job and do not sink—and lose—your savings in a small holding and a bungalow.



LEECLA

Non-Magnetic Watches

Our Factory Extensions are now completed, and we are in a position to cope with the largest run of orders. We are daily receiving repeat orders and letters of congratulation. Customers write to say that they cannot understand how we can give such extraordinary value for 3/6. : Guaranteed for five years. Nickelled or oxidised cases.

3/6 each.

THE "LEECLA" WATCH COMPANY,
215, OLD STREET, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.
Telegrams—Volt, Ashton. Telephone—172.

Money Doubling Itself in a Day

THE above is no extravagant assertion, but is continually happening under the up-to-date system of money-making instituted by the National Share Exchange. This firm does not of course claim that every client has met with success in so short a time, but, that their advice has proved consistently reliable, phenomenally accurate, that they are in fact, pre-eminent as market experts is beyond dispute, and they will strain every nerve to keep up their truly remarkable record during the closing weeks of the year.

THE National Share Exchange

WHO HAVE PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS NEARLY

HALF A MILLION STERLING £500,000 HALF A MILLION STERLING

offer you the Key, with which, however modest the sum at your disposal, however situated, however busy you may be, you can share in the good fortune enjoyed by others. The Royal Road to Wealth is through operations in stocks and shares. Undertaken by a sound business organisation, possessed of keen foresight, unerring judgment and inside sources of information, it is systematically making money for its clients.

When you have read what sums of £6 and upwards have done, you will want perhaps, to verify our statements. We court every investigation. Here are the Salient Features of our Perfect System.

LIABILITY STRICTLY LIMITED. PROFITS UNLIMITED.

WE PAY PROFITS DAILY. NO FEES OR DEDUCTIONS.

MONEY ALWAYS LIQUID.

Do you wish for More Money?

IF SO FILL IN COUPON BELOW.

Telegrams:
"NATSHAREX, LONDON."

Telephone:
712 London Wall.
(5 Lines.)

To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange.
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

M.M. 24/12/10

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

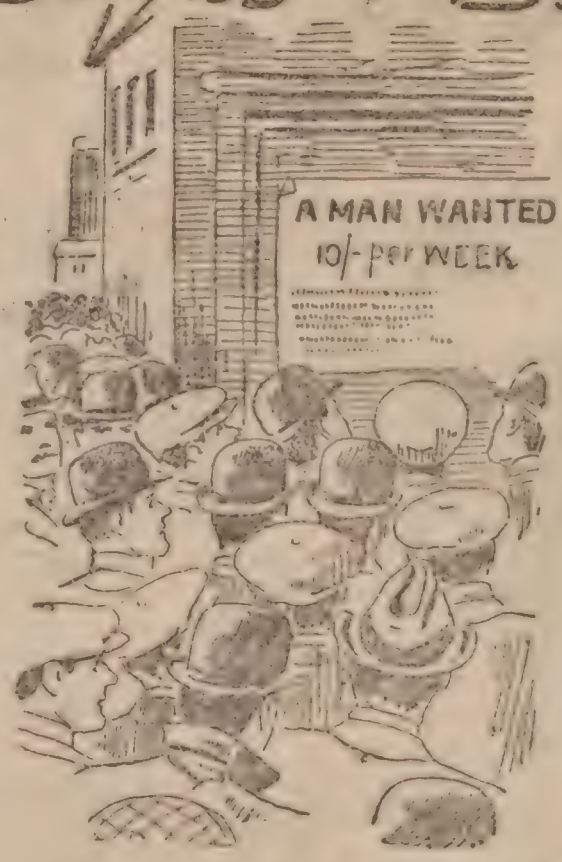
ADDRESS IN FULL.....

DATE..... .....
(Please write distinctly).

This and all our advertisements are copyright

Business is Business

MEN FOR SALE.



The picture which appears at the top of these notes this week was suggested by myself to the artist. It gives one a graphic idea of what is in London a lamentable fact—namely, that if a job is offered, even though the salary be so low as ten shillings a week, scores of men will apply for it.

I refer to jobs that, though perhaps they require ability and initiative, need no special training.

It is special training that is lacking amongst most of those who are at the present moment unemployed.

The well-to-do father keeps his son at school, and afterwards sends him to a University. The boy has no particular inclination towards any profession or business, and eventually, in the early twenties, he leaves the University with a head filled with much unpractical information, which he cannot exploit in any way except by passing it on to other people and by becoming a teacher.

The teaching profession, like all others nowadays, however, is becoming more specialised, and the demands connected with it are greater.

Special courses are now mapped out at most of the Universities for teachers, and the education class is one which is compulsory to them.

There are, in the secondary and public schools, men who have never studied the theory of teaching, but they have distinguished themselves by particular brilliance in one special branch of study.

The young man of whom I am speaking, however, has neither been trained as a teacher, nor has he gained any exceptional honours. It is, therefore, all but impossible for him to turn his knowledge to account, for the ranks of the teaching profession are practically barred to him. In many cases he endeavours to make a living by writing for newspapers, only to find that the learned and unpractical matter which he has to talk about is of no interest to the very practical public, and to the equally practical editors.

Such a man too often becomes one of the flotsam and jetsam of the labour market, ready to take up any job that may be offered, and ready even to take on work with no salary at all, and only with the hazy prospect of commission in view.

Parents are often blamed for interfering with the inclinations of their sons, and parental interference certainly accounts for many men being in trades that they dislike, but, judiciously exercised, it is a good thing.

The young man who finds life sufficiently pleasant, and who regards it as inevitable that he will eventually make money without taking any definite steps to acquire a profession or trade, would be all the better for a little fatherly advice.

His father must have learned how difficult it is to make money, how well equipped a man must be to stand any chance in the business world, and, in my opinion, it is his duty to emphasise these facts to his son, and to prevent his adopting what can only be called a policy of drift.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

THINGS IN GENERAL.

There is really very little to write about under this heading at the moment, but there will be plenty of financial business doing in the New Year, notwithstanding the croakings of politicians. All markets have been marking time except the American, where there is generally something moving.

Sound dividend-paying American Railways, and Canadian Pacific Railway shares look cheap, and I think the investor at present prices will reap good profits within the next few months.

SOUTH AFRICANS.

The boom in Rhodesians seems as far off as ever, and the fact that firms like Wernher, Beit and Co., and H. Eckstein and Co. are sinking their identity in the Central Mining and Investment Corporation, is certainly, in my opinion, not a "bull" point in South Africans generally.

RUBBER.

I still advise all my readers who are in search of promising investments to confine themselves to the shares of rubber-producing companies in the Mid-East. There is a demand for tea-plantation shares at present, but as the profit on tea only runs from 1d. to 3d. per lb., how much more profitable must the growing of rubber be when the profits are 4s. to 5s. per lb., and when the rubber tree increases its production with every year of its age?

Giant Para trees in Brazil have been known to produce 160lbs. of rubber per annum per tree, and the carefully tapped Hevea trees in the Mid-East will produce about 20lbs. of rubber per tree at ages between 15 and 25 years.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OIL" (Ashton).—Sorry am unable to find any quotation for the shares of the company you mention. If I can obtain information later I shall write to you direct.

S. J. (Oldham).—Preference shares rank for priority of dividend over the ordinary shares. Debentures (when existing) come before preference shares and constitute a charge over all the assets in the order of their creation.

"ANGLO-AMERICAN" (Sunderland). — Personally I should not like to have any dealings with the firm you mention, and I think you will be well advised if you follow my example.

P. E. D. (Dennistown). — The company you mention is in liquidation and the liquidator's name is given as L. W. Hawkins, 7, Moorgate Street, E.C. If you write him he may perhaps be able to give you some information as to the probability of reconstruction.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

SWIMMING IN WINTER.

Cold-weather swimming is a sport only to be enjoyed by those of the most robust constitutions. A man with any internal weaknesses should forego the pleasure of the icy water, and must await the coming of spring before taking up his favourite sport.

Some men go in for winter swimming because they like it; others do it because their friends all like a cold-weather dip: and a third class swim in winter in order to look big.

But unless you really want a swim, it is inadvisable to frequent the cold river or lake when the nip of frost is in the air. If you really appreciate the delights of a dip in winter, however, it is a very different matter.

Only take a short spell. A dive in, five minutes' swim, another dive, and then out and get dressed as quickly as you possibly can.

It is the chill caught when dressing—chatting half-wet with a friend—that is serious; not any effects of the dip itself.

Finally, if you are at all given to cramp, bar winter-swimming altogether.

THE ONLOOKER.

We hear a great deal about the decadence of English sport being shown by the fact that such huge crowds will assemble to witness a combat between professional teams, but surely no enthusiast can be blamed for watching the tactics of the giants of his particular sport. With the exception, perhaps, of the light-fingered gentry always to be found in a football crowd, it is generally acknowledged that the majority of spectators are always willing to play a game on their own.

Another point which seldom receives attention is the fact that spectators can show their sportsmanship in a degree almost equal to the man actually playing the game. For the most part, crowds consist of sportsmen. The individual who will cry "Foul" when his own man is laid out, but who will guffaw when an opponent is charged over or even fouled is scarce indeed, whatever the comic papers may say.

While a trifle despondent at the defeat of the home team, a crowd will generally give the winners their due, and a victorious team is always sure of a welcome on the occasion of its next visit.

Though this is denied in some quarters, a music-hall audience is one of the largest collection of sportsmen that can be found. Except in remote and obscure districts, an absolutely "rotten" turn will obtain a hearing and will generally be awarded a few encouraging claps on going off.

The IDEAL Policy
ISSUED BY
THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.,
PROVIDES
Life Assurance without Medical Examination.
Prospectus and Terms post free.
Agents Wanted—Excellent Prospects.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

BOOKS ON ALL SUBJECTS, including Commercial, Technical, Educational and Physical Culture Works. Accountancy and Law Books a speciality. Text Books for every Examination.
SECOND-HAND AT HALF PRICES.
New at 25 per cent. Discount. Send for Catalogues (post free), and state wants.
Books sent on approval. Books purchased.
W. & G. FOYLE, 135, Charing Cross Road, LONDON, W.C.
'Phone: 8180 Gerrard.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY AND HIS FRIEND

By ADAM STERN.

Jim Graill woke up in his bedroom at the farm at Darley one dark morning a few days before Christmas, to find Richard, in undervest and trousers, standing by his bedside, a towel thrown over one arm and a lighted candle held in the other hand.

"Hullo," he said sleepily. "What's the time?"

"Quarter-past five."

"I didn't know you were here."

"I came late last night. You were sound asleep and snoring when I looked in, so it wasn't worth while disturbing you. But I thought you'd like to hear the news before I started out this morning. Arthur Lyons got in"

"Hooray for that!"

"By an increased majority."

"Prolonged cheers! No end of fun in Moulden, I guess?"

"So, so. Free champagne at 'The Crown' and beer flowing galore. A ringing speech from Arthur, and his father and Violet pictures of delight."

"Hooray," said Graill again. "I wish I'd been there!"

"So do I."

Richard sat sideways on the bed, nursing the candlestick.

He did not seem to feel the cold. Five minutes exercise with the dumb-bells after his "tub" had brought an underglow to his skin and his eyes were bright and fresh in spite of the fact that he had only had four hours of sleep.

Graill looked different. He had been laid up for ten days with a sharp attack of influenza, and was hardly yet recovered.

He turned over on his back with a hand under his head, and there was affection in his gaze which he would not have shown had he not been suffering from bodily weakness.

"Say, Dick," he mentioned, "that was going on, and you left it—to come here and see me?"

"I missed nothing, you grateful idiot! The poll was declared early, and I easily got away in time to catch the last train to Flaxminster. After all the excitement, five miles beneath the stars, and a frosty night——. But I won't make you envious, Jim.

"A further item of information is that the Lyons's want us to take our Christmas dinner with them. They're going to have a real old-fashioned Yule-tide party—waits, and so on, and a dance, with Sir Roger to wind up. I told them we should have to spend the first half of the day here, but they're giving evening dinner, and will be satisfied if we arrive well in time for that.

"That means a double dose of turkey—for me, at any rate; but I expect I shall be able to manage it. You, probably, will be on gruel——"

"Confine yourself to your own anticipations," retorted Graill. "I'll look after myself, don't you fret!"

"Anyhow," continued Richard, "I accepted for you, on condition that you're well enough to turn out."

"Well enough to turn out!" Graill echoed him with scorn. "Good lord, to hear you talk, anybody would think——"

"So they would," agreed Richard, interrupting him and standing up. "So long, Jim! Your place is the house for the next day or two, and you'll have to stick in it. As for me, if I don't hustle I look like missing the six forty from Flaxminster."

"Aren't you riding?"

"No, the roads are too slippery."

"How's biz going?"

"Fair!"

He turned at the door to laugh, and went out.

There was nothing about him to suggest that, since Graill had been away, an influx of orders had corresponded with a breakdown of machinery, and that, in consequence, he had been forced to work like a horse.

Graill heard him whistling as he moved about his bedroom. He smiled at some thought of his own.

Shortly after twelve o'clock that morning, Richard received a shock.

He looked up from his desk, on someone entering the office, and encountered the carefully unconcerned expression of Graill. He stared hard in silence, sat back in his chair, and watched his friend as he discarded hat and muffler and overcoat and hung them up.

Then Graill proceeded to his desk and sat down.

"You thundering, almighty fool!" said Richard calmly.

"Bosh!" said Graill. "There's nothing the matter with me now. I'm as right as rain. And, whether or not, I can't sit stewing at home while you work your guts out here. Give me something to do and make me happy."

"You can just get back into your things," interjected Richard, "and clear out."

For answer Graill opened a drawer and got out his papers and blotting-pad.

"What's the good?" he said. "The mischief's done—if any *could* be done. I'm here, and only force'll shift me. Now, switch it off, Dick, for the Lord's sake!"

Richard got up with a suddenness that made him set his jaw, but it was only to stoke up the fire. He eyed Graill for a moment, tossed his head with disgust, then accepted the situation and gave him some letters to write.

In his heart he understood and sympathised with Graill's impatience of idleness, and, moreover, it was pleasant to have his company and help again.

Accordingly, though his friend continued to look a fitter subject for bed than for business, he put no obstacle in the way of his coming to the office for the next day or two. And matters went on in the ordinary course until the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when a thing happened.

II.

Richard had been out about the town since lunch, making sure that certain orders given to tradesmen had been executed.

They were orders for a medley of articles—joints of beef, vegetables, fruit, tea, tobacco, all varieties of toys. They were for poor families whom he had known since boyhood, and to whom he had played the *rôle* of Santa Claus so regularly that his gifts were taken for granted.

On his way back to the works he ran across Arthur Lyons—M.P. for Moulden once more—and delayed to have a drink with him, parting with the laughing assurance that they would meet on the morrow.

Four was striking and darkness falling when he arrived at the office. The works were silent. The men had left off at mid-day. He passed through to his room, and found Graill sitting at his desk with bent head.

"Don't swot any longer," said Richard. "We'll clear up and quit."

He approached Graill and stood smiling down at him.

"Jim," he said.

Jim's chin was on his chest, and he looked queerly limp and huddled. With caught breath Richard shook him by the shoulder and tilted up his face.

"Jim!" he repeated.

The blue lips parted and a faint groan issued from them. "The *pain*," he whispered.

"Thank God," said Richard in his heart. He had feared for a moment that his friend was dead. He called out aloud sharply: "Barnet! Barnet! *Bar—net!*

"Blast! where *is* everybody? All right, Jim. Steady, lad. Stay where you are. Yes, lie back."

He left him, and in another minute was violently tugging at the bell at Doctor Martin's house, which was close by. Five minutes afterwards the doctor was stooping over Graill, Richard standing by with expressionless face.

"Fetch a cab," said Doctor Martin, after a brief inspection.

Richard obeyed without a word.

He returned, and when Martin, saying that he must be carried, made to assist, he waved him aside, and bore Graill to the cab himself.

Martin gave as direction "The Hospital," and got in beside them.

"How long has he been like this?" he asked Richard.

"God knows," said Richard in a dry voice. "Two hours probably."

"We must have him to bed at once."

"Yes."

They spoke no further word till the cab stopped, when Richard said: "A private ward, doctor, and the best nurse you can spare."

"All right."

A little later Graill was in bed, a nurse in attendance, the examination over, and Richard in the corridor outside was looking the doctor full in the eyes and asking him a question. Only by the exercise of iron control had he withheld the question till now.

"What's the matter with him?" he said.

"Every symptom of appendicitis."

"You diagnose it as that?"

"Yes."

"Is there any doubt whatever?"

"Not in my opinion. I have seen too many cases."

"Is it serious?"

"An operation will be imperative."

"Imperative?"

"He hasn't much chance without it."

Richard did not speak for a moment.

"His parents ought to be told," he said; "but they're old-fashioned country people, and might object. I am ready to take the responsibility. He's my friend."

He paused; and proceeded without change of voice: "But answer me this one question again. Is an operation the only thing that will save him?"

"I believe it is. But if you would like to consult a specialist——"

"I would."

"We have not much time. Delay is dangerous. We can hardly wait for a London

man. But Dr. Spurling, of Birmingham, is as good as anyone."

"Where's the telephone?" said Richard.

The doctor led the way.

He spoke over his shoulder: "He may want an extra fee, it being Christmas Eve."

"Good God, Martin——" said Richard very quietly.

The doctor said no more.

III.

Richard met Doctor Spurling at the station. It was then half-past six.

By seven o'clock the necessity for an operation was confirmed.

"All right," said Richard.

After a pause: "Is he conscious?"

"Yes."

"I'd like just to speak to him. . . . By the way, you will use an anæsthetic?"

"Of course."

He stood looking down at the white face of his friend.

"Say, Jim," he asked quietly, "are you in any fear?"

"I am a bit. Though not much."

"Good lad. I was only going to say you'll pull through, you know."

They smiled at one another.

"I happen to know you will," said Richard.

"I'm glad," said Graill.

Then he added—

"Go for a walk, old chap, till it's over. Will you?"

"Right—ho."

Richard did not shake hands; that would have implied a farewell. He simply gave a smile and went out.

He walked down the passage and stairs with eyes that saw nothing, and out into the street, and along with a sort of blind instinct to his works.

He entered the forge, put on the lights, and stood staring into vacancy.

For a long time he did not move. His face was expressionless, his hands inert.

"If Jim dies——" he said aloud.

His eyes betrayed that he was listening to the words as though someone else had spoken them, trying to understand their meaning.

"If Jim dies," he said again, thoughtfully.

He faintly shook his head.

There was a huge black emptiness between the question and the answer.

How long he stood there he did not know. But at length he turned round, strode steadily back to the hospital, and in a small, plainly-furnished, downstairs room found the two doctors awaiting him.

The operation had been entirely successful; the patient was comfortable; it would be as well for Richard not to see him till the morrow.

Richard nodded.

He sat down, drew forth his cheque-book and fountain-pen, and paid the specialist his fee.

"Thank you," he said. "Is there still any danger, d'you think?"

"Some danger, of course. But with care——"

"I must go to Darley and tell his people. ——I can assure them he will recover?"

His haggard eyes rested on the face of each in turn.

"We think you can. His constitution is strong, and unless complications arise——"

"I understand that. Thank you again. Good-night."

"If he had died?" That was the thought hammering through his brain as he walked up to the station. The crisis, coming with such abruptness, had shaken him to his foundations. He had never realised before how closely Graill and he were bound up together.

"A strong constitution. Unless complications arise——"

There was half-an-hour to wait at the station before a tram left for Darley. He telephoned the Lyons's, and left word with the servant who answered, that unexpected circumstances would prevent Mr. Graill and himself from joining their party on the morrow. He deliberately avoided being more explicit in order that no unnecessary worry might be caused.

"Funny how much I've been looking forward to this Christmas," he reflected, "and how it has turned out! But if only old Jim gets right again——"

He drew in a deep breath and prayed to his God silently, in formless words. And he always believed God heard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

DISADVANTAGES OF DOUBLES.

It is an often quoted and probably true saying that everybody has a double somewhere in the world. Most of our readers will remember how some years ago, when Mr. George Alexander was producing "John Chilcote, M.P.," he advertised for a double, and obtained one in the person of the editor of a well-known periodical.

During the African War, in parts of the country, highly respectable old gentlemen were almost worried out of their lives, and practically forced to remain continually indoors, for the simple reason that they looked like President Kruger. When they walked abroad, the semi-hostile remarks of crowds of people were well-nigh intolerable.

And recently much inconvenience was caused to more than one reputable man by an unfortunate likeness to the notorious "Dr." Crippen. If a man was unlucky enough to bear the slightest resemblance to the Holloway suspect, whispers reached him from almost every passer-by, "I really believe that's he!" "How terrible if it were!" And so on.

And what is more, there is the horrible feeling that every policeman has one under his supervision.

THE BRUTAL YANKEE.

Yankees are careless of human life. Take their football game; it is true that some of its most dangerous features have been abolished recently, but it still involves distinct risk to life, while in years past hundreds of men have been killed or crippled at the American game. And here it was no case of pure accident; the danger was part and parcel of the game, and brutal charging and tackling a recognised feature of it.

The American student contrives to make even such a harmless pastime as snowballing brutal and dangerous.

At Yale and Harvard terrific snowball fights take place between the senior and junior students. Armed with snowballs frozen and packed so tight that they are quite as hard as stones, the opposing lines advance to within a few yards of each other and then pelt away for all they are worth. Some have been killed at these encounters and many seriously injured.

Then the "hazing" or ragging which goes on at American universities is sometimes atrociously cruel. Men have been roasted before fires so that they died of their burns, and all kinds of infamous tortures are inflicted on the unpopular student.

The firework displays of Independence Day often lead to loss of life and grave injury, powerful explosions being discharged in the most reckless manner.

The American, in short, often shows a Red Indian-like capacity for cruelty, and yet there is no Indian blood in him. It is a curious and unpleasant trait in his character.

I might add that Yankee merchant shippers are notorious for their hardness,

HOW TO BEHAVE.

SOME HINTS BY OUR MOST IRRESPONSIBLE CONTRIBUTOR.

The first thought that occurs to us is soup. There are a lot of things about soup that throw all sorts of horrid sidelights on one's early training.

Do you eat soup? You do? No, little boy, you don't! No, and you don't drink it either, at any rate, not in polite society. You *take* soup. *But*—and it is a big "but"—you *don't* take the spoon as well.

* * *

When you are taking a lady out to dinner, you may be puzzled as to whether you or she should select the dishes.

Do it yourself. It is the height of bad form to let her worry her pretty little head with a scrutiny of the *menu*. You should take that upon yourself. Besides (a word in your ear), you will be able, in that way, to *keep the bill down*. If a girl gets the *menu* in her hands, you never know *what* she may not rush you for.

* * *

Suppose you are at a party, and somebody has obliged with a song. You must be *very* careful how you express your thanks. Some people make awful bloomers.

You should say something like "Thanks *so* much for a splendid performance!" But *don't* be led away into saying that the song was "masterfully executed." Some singers are so touchy, they might think you meant "guillotined" or "electrocuted," or something equally nasty.

J. GORDON HOOD.

THE UNNECESSARY CRITIC.

HOW HE ABUSES FRIENDSHIP.

We could all get on very well without him. Not a single man or woman, not one of the established customs or institutions of our age are safe from his shafts of "wit" or criticism. He finds in the most ordinary persons a source of infinite practice for his speciality. No one is safe.

To the average man he is a bore and a nuisance. Unfortunately all that he "criticises" with such ruthless and comprehensive condemnation is the everyday, the commonplace.

Because Brown is not de Montmorency, Brown is a dull fellow of no "class."

Because Jones is a grocer's assistant and not Prime Minister, Jones must be condemned as a bore.

In fact, his sole critical method is to "get at" people because they are themselves and not somebody else. He knows nothing of the art of taking people as he finds them.

This sort of "critic" is most objectionable when one of a company of three leaves the other two and goes his way.

No sooner has the departing member of the trio gone off than your "critic" begins: "Rum chap, that."

"Oh, he's all right," you answer casually, anxious to drop the subject.

But the self-appointed critic to the world in general will not be smothered.

"Yes," he replies; "but he's"—this, and that, and half a dozen other things; and he hasn't this or that, and so on.

It is very annoying, especially as the absent one is quite an average good fellow.

He fails to see another's point of view, having none of his own. He criticises black because it is not white; but he is equally ready to condemn white for not being black. There is no reason in him, and he should be suppressed.

H. SMITH.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BOOTS FOR THE WINTER.

Outside a London railway station the other day my attention was drawn to a man who was apparently faultlessly attired, but who was wearing a pair of light summer boots with white uppers.

I immediately set him down as a person lacking in taste and discretion—a badly-dressed man.

In their season these fancy boots are quite permissible, but during the winter months they are entirely out of place.

Apart altogether from the question of taste and fashion, one would expect a man to choose strong boots in preference to the light variety liable to be ruined by a single false step in a puddle.

In winter, wear winter clothes. Get strong but not clumsy boots. There is no necessity to go in for a species of hobnails, but a stout sole is the thing for the present season.

UNDERVESTS AND PANTS.

In the matter of underclothing, a man, as a rule, has only his own tastes and comfort to satisfy. He is not bound by any dictates of fashion to wear something he neither likes nor is comfortable in.

Pay a fair price for your undervests and pants, and do not be too quick in purchasing. Also, it is advisable to patronise a well-known and reliable firm when in search of protection against the cold.

See that the vests are fairly long. They must, however, not be too lengthy, else they are apt to bunch round the waist.

I believe that short sleeves are advisable. Long sleeves are in the way, when washing, for instance, and the lower arm is not a part of the body that is very susceptible to cold.

FANCY WAISTCOATS.

During the few summer months, washable fancy waistcoats enjoyed great popularity, and, quite naturally, the outfitters have set about providing a substitute to tide us over the time of wind and rain.

In doing so they have turned out both good and bad productions.

Taking the bad first, I consider the hairy articles which have achieved popularity in some circles to be out-and-out abominations.

They do not look well, they do not feel pleasant, and I have yet to meet the man who can honestly say they suit him.

On the other hand, some really good fancy vests have been turned out in the woollen and knitted lines.

Made in a quiet pattern, these knitted vests look admirable, and I have not the slightest hesitation in recommending them. It is advisable in buying one, however, to pay no small attention to the matter of harmony between the vest and the suits it is destined to go with.

SHAM.

This is an age of deception. Wherever we look we are surrounded with fraud. The matter of dress is by no means exempt from this accusation, and the devices calculated to imitate white shirts are sufficient alone to show the deceptive tendency.

One half of the people you meet in the street are armed with loose cuffs, and quite a number go in for what are termed fronts.

Both these articles are most uncomfortable to wear, and seldom look well. A soft cuff of suitable colour is quite passable for ordinary everyday use, provided, of course, that the waistcoat shows a soft shirt also.

A white starched shirt looks well, and is comfortable, but the same cannot be said of a combination of soft shirt, front, and cuffs.

COLLAR SIZES.

It is not usually realised that the size of a collar should depend to a certain extent upon the depth.

A man who wears a 2¼in. collar, size 15½, may want a few collars of less height and more comfort for cycling and so forth. Let us suppose he decides to buy some 1½in. high. If he adheres to the old size there will be a yawning space between the linen and his neck, which will be very unsightly. What he must do is to buy the new collars half a size smaller than the higher ones he has been accustomed to wear.

I don't know why it should be, but that is the fact; the lower the collar, the smaller must be the size, unless you want the passer-by to see down your neck.

By the way, when you are making any experiment with regard to collars, buy only one of a new kind. If it is all right you can get more.

If you purchase a dozen right off it is more than likely that the whole lot will have to be scrapped.

Personally, I stick to my own special brand and only in emergencies do I look out for a new make.

THE LADY FRIEND AND CHRISTMAS.

As years come and go, our lady friends seem less and less inclined to rest content with handing us the old-time box of impossible cigars or cigarettes.

Perhaps it is that they do not care to see their presents drifting away in smoke, but there is a growing tendency to present men with something in the knitted line—generally ties or vests.

As a rule, the particular friend will consult your views upon the advisability of making such an important thing as a vest, and a man is well-advised to do his best to pour cold water on the idea, for it costs more to have a vest made up than it does to buy one.

The best plan is to suggest either socks or a muffler.

A good pair of strong, warm socks are hard to beat, and a muffler does not require an expert hand and is always useful.

A white one is preferable to a coloured, although, of course, it requires more frequent washing.

HANDKERCHIEF STAINS.

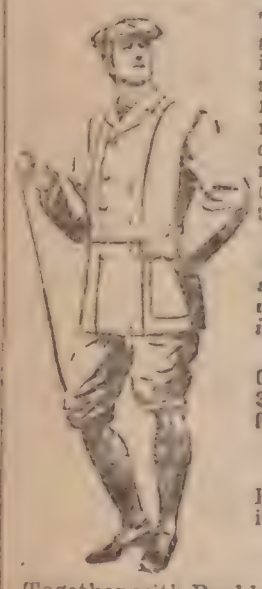
The handkerchief is, perhaps, the most ill-used of all our various properties.

As well as its primary duties, it has to serve as a duster on innumerable occasions and, when ink is spilt on the coat or trousers, it is the handkerchief that has to serve as wiper.

Thus, it often happens that one is possessed of many handkerchiefs, faultless as regards material, but stained to a degree that will not permit of our using them again.

These handkerchiefs need never be thrown

DISTINCTIVE TAILORING
FOR MODERN MEN.



The tailoring of every McKINLEY garment will bear the most critical inspection. Although our prices are low, our goods compare favorably with those for which more than double is charged elsewhere. And the McKinley garments have that touch of distinction which usually is found only in the productions of the "exclusive" Bond Street tailors.

We guarantee perfection of fit, style, and workmanship, and undertake to refund your money in full if we fail to give you complete satisfaction.

OVERCOATS, to measure 21/- to 45/-
SUITS " " 25/- to 50/-
RIDING BREECHES " 10/6 to 21/-

Genuine Scotch and English Materials, No Extras.

Booklet "MN" will tell you how it is possible for us to offer such wonderful value.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.

Together with Booklet we shall send you, free and post paid, our magnificent range of Patterns, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials received from satisfied clients in all parts of the Kingdom, and the "McKinley" Scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as easily and accurately as an experienced tailor.

Gentlemen residing in London should call.

C. & G. McKINLEY,

Tailoring Specialists and Men's Wear Experts.

Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham St., London, E.C.

J. R. DALE & CO., Ltd.,

Premier City Tailors.

BRITISH GOODS at FAIR PRICES.

THE DALE COAT
for the Modern Man,
In newest materials,
from 35/-.

BRANCHES:
81, GRACECHURCH STREET. 31, MOORGATE STREET.
143, CANNON STREET. 113 & 114, FENCHURCH STREET.
141, ALDERSGATE STREET.

Specially appointed tailors to several of the Largest Banking, Trading, and Educational Institutions.

CHEAP TAILORING
IS NEVER SATISFACTORY.

It must be apparent to the **General Public**, that to expect a **serviceable suit** under 45/- cannot be otherwise than **misleading** in **value** and **disappointing** in WEAR, and the MODERN MAN who has been HAD by a **deceptive** advertisement has found this out to his cost.

Our Goods are British-Made, and not cheap Foreign Products.

WE MAKE AND FIT ON THE PREMISES.

Trousers from **13/-**, Tweed Suits from **45/-**, Dress Suits **70/-**.

Test our Fit by Investing in one of our 45/- Suits.

Special Terms to Members of "The Modern Man" League on production of Badge.

J. R. DALE & CO., Ltd.,

Head Branch: 81, GRACECHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

aside as there is an effective remedy for removing most stains.

Soak the handkerchief in a bowl of milk. Leave it until the milk becomes sour, and then let it stand for about twenty-four hours.

It will be understood that huge blots of ink cannot be removed by this method, but results where moderately-sized stains have to be taken out are usually satisfactory.

CLOTHES AND THE PURSE.

Probably I receive more letters upon the subject of colours to be chosen for lounge suits than upon any other topic connected with dress.

I always make a point of emphasising the need for the man of limited means to go in for quiet colours and pattern.

If a man constantly appears in a very distinctive or loud suit, the fact that he has not many clothes at his disposal is soon noticed.

If, on the other hand, he wears a quiet grey or a navy blue, his one decent suit will probably pass unnoticed, and the impression remaining in the minds of those who meet him will simply be that he is well-dressed.

UNCLEAN LINEN.

From the point of view of comfort, economy in the matter of collars is entirely false. It is worth any man's while, no matter what his position, to wear a clean collar every day.

After a day's wear, the linen may perhaps appear to be clean; it may be that only a little dullness is to be seen as the result of a day's use, but, nevertheless, the difference between that collar and a fresh one will be considerable.

It is when you first put the collar on that, if yesterday's is being worn again, an unpleasant sensation is first experienced. There is a greasy feeling about the top of the collar even when not the slightest suspicion of dirt is visible. Probably it is due to perspiration from the neck.

As the day wears on this greasy feeling becomes more noticeable until, in the early afternoon, to the man who likes to feel moderately comfortable, the collar is unbearable.

LENGTH IN COATS.

Sometimes one sees lounge coats of abnormal length. On men of a racy type these look moderately well, but on the average individual I think they appear to be out of place.

Not infrequently I come in contact with a man whose "jacket" almost covers his knees. I make a point of chaffing him about wearing his overcoat by mistake, but he persists, through all seasons, in wearing these long coats.

They do not look bad in grey, but in any other colour I consider them to be anything but smart.

Short coats, on the other hand, are worse. There is nothing pleasing about a stumpy little jacket that looks as though it were made from a tailor's remnant.

These short jackets usually, at least in the earlier stages of their existence, stick out in the front, and seem to be kept in place by a hoop.

Better the abnormal length than the "mean" jacket, but the happy medium is preferable to either.

AN OVERCOAT MATTER.

Several correspondents have written me asking whether the single-breasted overcoat should be cut low in the front or should be buttoned right to the neck.

The opening should not be too deep, but while it is permissible and, according to some authorities, even fashionable to have practically no opening whatever, personally, I prefer a cut of moderate depth.

A cut gives more variety to the appearance of the front of an overcoat; when buttoned right to the neck the general scheme is sometimes sack-like and over plain.

But this is a matter wholly to be decided by personal wishes; either is correct, so that my correspondents need have no fear of violating any of the laws of fashion in pleasing their own fancies on the subject.

TIES AND SOFT SHIRTS.

While ordering shirts of a new colour, many men set about the task of finding ties to match.

Sometimes it is as well to have ties to match the shirt, but it is by no means necessary. Provided a certain harmony is kept, the general effect of a tie and a shirt of different hues is not unpleasing.

A dark green tie will look quite well on a dark blue shirt, and the blue tie is not out of keeping with the pale green shirt of unpronounced colour.

It is as well, however, not to take too many risks in the matter of variety in colour, for the best of ties may appear hideous when worn with certain shirts.

As well as colour, a general pattern scheme should be regarded. If the shirt is lined, it is advisable to have a slightly similar line upon the tie.

While dealing with this subject, I consider lined shirts preferable to the spotted or check variety.

180 Collars 1/-
A clean collar every day for six months

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. to-day and one penny stamp postage for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

THE LIN-GLOSS CO. (Dept. 5x), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the **King?**

There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. **Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.**
2. **Our prices are much lower.**

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - **84/-**

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full, without question or argument, if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
Right opposite the Law Courts

DAGOES.

THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.

The British sailor classes all Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, Belgians, and Mexicans as "dagoes."

Of course, in doing so he exaggerates, for there are Spaniards, Italians, and Portuguese who are gentlemen and sportsmen. There may also be Belgians and Mexicans who may justly claim these attributes, though I have never met any myself, nor heard of anyone who has.

However, the decent Spaniard or Italian is a pure bred 'un, the dago is a mongrel, a human cur.

The animal cur is often, if not indeed generally, lovable. He makes up for what he lacks of looks in sterling qualities of heart and mind. He is trustworthy, devoted, blindly brave, whereas your thoroughbred dog is often a supercilious, unreliable, and pusillanimous ass, who, in time of stress, shelters behind his "long pedigree."

With the dago, however, it is different. He may be passably good-looking, in an oily, snuff-coloured way he frequently affects a boisterous *bonhomie* and he is free with his money (usually filched coin), but he is rotten to the core.

Cross-bred, he combines not the virtues, but the worst characteristics of his progenitors.

He would be mightily insulted if you called him a nigger—when I say mightily, I mean that the insult would rankle but he would swallow it, until he had an opportunity of sticking you in the back. Nevertheless, the dago is a nigger, and a bad nigger at that.

He came into the world through the shame of some native woman. He spits upon his mother's people, and apes the white, but he is nig. nig. nig., all through from his coarse, curly, oily hair to his flat feet in patent-leather boots.

The British sailor knows how to treat the dago. He handles him as he would anything treacherous.

The British public, however, tolerate the dago. There is one stopping at the hotel where I am now staying. He comes from Madeira, and, I should say, is the progeny of a West Indian negress and a low-down Portuguese publican. But he has money.

The barmaids at this hotel are nice girls. I don't think they like the dago. In fact, I am sure they don't, for he apparently considers that a sixpenny drink gives him the right to be lewd towards them.

They have got to be civil, however, for *the blighter has money*, and attracts to his evil-smelling presence many red-nosed blue-bottles of saloon bar loungers.

To one who knows a dago it is sickening to see white men sponging on one for drinks, and it is still more revolting to see this snuff-coloured brute ogling white girls, and whispering obscenities to them.

But what can one do? The beast knows what I think of him. He asked me to have a drink once, and I told him that I did not drink with dagoes. Incidentally, here's a tip: when you come across a swine of this kind, don't trouble to use strong language, just tell him he's a dago.

If I punched him for daring to lift his liver-and-white eyes to a white woman, I should be run in by the police, and probably lose my job, and the cur knows it, and takes advantage of the fact to behave in a way that in any real white man's country—not this wretched pretence of one—would ensure his being badly man-handled.

You will say that this is personal spite—ask any man who has knocked about the world a bit what he thinks of "dagoes" and I shall be very much surprised if you don't get a reply that will fairly crack your ear-drums.

J. K. HARDING.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

S. C. B. (S. Hampstead) says he can personally vouch for all the facts in our recent article "Electric Theatres and Vice." "For some years," he writes, "I have worked amongst newspaper lads and boys engaged in street trading, and it is astounding the amount of temptation to which these lads are open."

J. C. (Hamilton, N.S.W.) tells us that THE MODERN MAN is eagerly looked forward to in far-off Australia.

S. R. (Weymouth).—The book you want is "Pendlebury's Arithmetic."

H. J. L. (Aberdeen).—If you are going to keep the dog in the house, probably a fox-terrier would suit you as well as any. They are very companionable and intelligent, and are as sharp watch-dogs as anybody could desire.

L. B. (Upper Egypt).—You will find most of the latest mechanical inventions described in "Engineering."

D. C. (Grimsby). — You will find Messrs. McKinley, the tailors, in every way reliable. They give most excellent value at an extremely moderate price.

R. L. (Wigan).—A five-shilling air-gun will give you excellent practice in the matter of aiming, though, of course, such a weapon cannot be relied upon to shoot straight. A licence is hardly necessary, though, according to the letter of the law, the air-gun would come "within the meaning of the Act.

M. D. H. (Tottenham).—Windridge and Hillsdon have not left Chelsea, though they have been off the lists for some time.

C. J. (Glasgow).—You are certainly wise to take a number of suits with you to America, as clothes are much dearer there than here. It will be advisable for you, however, to have these suits cut something after the American style, as you probably don't want to be branded as a foreigner when you get there. There must be several tailors in Glasgow who could do this job for you satisfactorily.

L. K. (Birkenhead).—Aviation is a fascinating subject, but we should not advise you to throw up your job in order to build aeroplanes. The living would be even more precarious than journalism, and the life slightly more dangerous.

D. T. (Hackney).—Captain Saunders is dealing with your trouser question in a future number. He is always glad to receive suggestions and to answer queries.

R. W. S. (Maidstone).—Felt or cloth coverings for the bicycle saddle do not, in the opinion of most cyclists, add to comfort. The soreness will wear off very soon.

W. G. (Worthing).—There is a great difference between the morning tub in the bath-room and the dip in the sea. Do not make the change at this time of year, unless you are very strong. Begin sea-bathing in August and then keep it going—all the winter if it agrees with you.

R. M. (Chichester).—It is never too soon to begin training. Do not try to reach racing pitch too far ahead of the sports, however, or you may stale off just when you should be at your best.

W. P. H. (Islington).—Glad you will return after your year's stay. The "M.M." will reach you—even at Calcutta. Good luck!

H. L. (Clapham).—If you go in for London cycling—*i.e.*, mud-splashing—in winter, get new tyres of non-skidding pattern.

J. T. M. (Battersea).—Occupying, or even fighting for, a seat in Parliament is a more expensive business than you seem to think, unless, of course, you are a Socialist, and can get your expenses paid. A certain candidate contesting a London division (unsuccessfully) on two consecutive occasions had to pay out £33,000.

K. N. P. (Salford).—Bombardier Wells is a good man, but we are inclined to doubt his ability to defeat the nigger.

M. T. (Sydenham).—Fulham topped the Southern League in 1905-6. The Palace team were at the head of the Second Division tables.

R. S. (Belfast).—You may be disappointed at your cob not going well with an ordinary double riding bridle, but horses have their peculiarities, and there are some that will not stand a curb-bit though they will go quite pleasantly in a snaffle. We agree with you that the double bridle looks better. Try a curb bit with a plain mouthpiece and no port.

H. F. T. (Harrow).—Unless you really have a gift for drawing, you should not take up art as a profession. As in most arts, everybody who can do a little in the way of drawing thinks he is a genius. It is only when he butts up against the difficulty of making a living at it that he discovers his error.

D. St. T. L. (Wexford).—Probably the book called "Home Fun," by C. H. Bullivant, would meet your requirements. It explains most of the tricks of conjurors and stage illusionists. The price is 6s, and the publishers Messrs. Jack, 16, Henrietta Street, W.C.

T. J. M. (Rotherhithe) complains that our Ferris stories may lead youths to commit rash burglarious acts. But we cater for men, not for boys.

L. N. (Salisbury).—The firm you mention carries on a fair business. We do not go in for exposures unless we are doing a public service.

L. J. (Dewsbury).—If you have the complete set of "M.M.'s," by all means get them bound. You could find no better set of volumes for the sportsman.

T. H. F. (Blackburn), **R. B.** (Manor Park), **G. R. H.** (Nelson), **W. S.** (Dalmuir), **C. H.** (Walthamstow), **J. H.** (Berwick), **G. C. S.** (Northampton).—We salute you.

They treat your Nerves as well as your Complaint.

DR. BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS : COMPOUNDS

PLAIN SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. A Vitalising Food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.—and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's preparations.* Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations of either sex.
Rev. A. E. Realff, Leicester, says of this kind: "Has helped me marvellously in my brain work. I feel quite another man."

IRONISED SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Rupture, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of *great value* as a restorative after "*Influenza*" or any debilitating illness.
Rev. R. Fletcher, Hull, says of this kind: "Has made the life and work a pleasure that before were a burden."

SUB-IRONISED Especially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons *instead* of the "Ironised." And for Bright's Disease, Mumps, Varicose Veins, when generally "Below Par." For Anæmia, Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value for "backward" children.
Rev. G. Cook, Church Gresley, says of this kind: "Very beneficial. Recommended to others."

BRONCHIAL SPECIAL REMEDY for Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Quinsy, Congestion of the Lungs, Diphtheria, Throat and Chest Weakness.
Rev. J. C. Griffiths, Llangefin, says of this kind: "I can bear the highest testimony to this splendid medicine."

GASTRIC SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion, Liver Complaints, and Loss of Appetite.
Rev. E. Evans, Huddersfield, says of this kind: "Benefit received is very decided."

ANTI-RHEUMATIC SPECIAL REMEDY for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases **"Ironised"** or **"Sub-Ironised"** will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it).
Rev. E. Tongue, Handsworth, says: "After more than 12 months' continuous pain from Rheumatic Gout, the second bottle suspended this, an effect various treatment failed to produce."

ANTI-STIPATIO SPECIAL REMEDY for Chronic Constipation, Flatulence, Piles, Spasms, Prolapsus Ani. This is not a purgative, but restores natural action by strengthening muscular contractile power of the bowels.
Rev. R. Frame, Birkenhead, says of this kind: "Accomplished all it claimed to do."

NEW ENLARGED BOTTLES, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6 (all kinds).
Sold by all Chemists & Drug Stores, & by Boots', Taylors', Parke's, Lewis & Burrows', Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from Gordon Murray & Co., Ld., 10, Adam St., Strand, London.

GOOD SPORTS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members in THE MODERN MAN *League. Names received too late for this general list will be printed later.*

DALKEY.
F. BRAY, Torca View.

DALRY.
M. F. BAN, 73, New Street.

DARLASTON.
E. J. TYLER, 7, Heathfield Lane.

DARLINGTON.
T. ABEL, 13, Drury Street, Corporation Road.
W. F. BUNDEKIN, 20, Bondgate.
W. COLBROOK, 2, East Mount, Houghton Road.
R. A. COOPER, "Newlyn," Staindrop Road.
J. CRAGGILL, 2, Herbert Street.
L. L. FOX, North Cowton.
J. RIPLEY, Jun., North Cowton.
F. RODGERS, Croft House, Yarm Road.
E. RUSSELL SANDERS, 3, Ashcroft Villas.
C. H. WELLS, 12, Herbert Street.

DARTFORD.
G. POPE, 2, Carrington Road.

DARTMOUTH.
P. LUNTLEY (Pte., R.M.L.I.), H.M.S. "Britannia."

DARWEN.
H. BOARDMAN, 8A, Sudell Road.
J. COOPER, 18, Woodville Terrace.
F. FISH, 479, Bolton Road.
C. HEARTH, 34, Cavendish Street.
R. HINDLE, 42, Belgrave Road.
T. O'MALLEY, 42, Hollins Road.

DAYBROOK.
J. J. CROUCHER, Albon House.
R. DEANE, Ash Cottages, St. Alban's Road.

DEAL.
A. D. ALLAN, Hatfield, Stanley Road.

DENBY.
J. MOON, Breach Cottage.

DERBY.
L. R. ALLRED, The Gables, 145, Dairy House Road.
J. ALLSOPP, 5, Rosengrave Street.
H. AMESBURY, 19, Sachverel Street.
G. G. BEESLEY, 34, Miles Ash Terrace, Darley Abbey.
D. BROWN, Denby Common.
J. E. P. BUXTON, Union House, Snardlow.
A. GOODHEAD, 23, Crompton Street.
F. GUDGEON, 2, Strutt Street.
A. GUTTERIDGE, Borough Asylum, Rowditch.
T. E. HAMPSON, Dinnington Park.
HODGKINS, 17, Mount Street.
G. V. HOLMES, 6, Becher Street, Rose Hill.
A. HUDSON, 25, King Alfred Street.
E. MACK, 2, Gerard Street.
P. PYM, Orchard Cottage, Duffield.
F. RECORD, 110, Shaftesbury Crescent.
A. H. REDFERN, 46, Markeaton Street.
J. ROLLEY, 186, Parliament Street.
R. SADLER, 26, Bromley Street.
C. M. SHARP, Clipgun Street, Castle Donington.
H. G. SMITH, 31, Mile Ash Terrace, Darley Abbey.
G. STAFFORD, 13, Cedar Street.
A. TRASLER, 33, Sale Street, Rose Hill.
A. J. WESLEY, The Midland Railway Hotel.
H. J. WOOD, 759, London Road.

DEVIZES.
B. BIGGS 29, Brittox.

DEVONPORT.
A. EDWARDS, 40, Victory Street East, Keyham.
E. T. HAMLYN, 17, Stuart Terrace.
E. E. FEATHERSTONE, 14, Wellington Street, Stoke.
C. G. MORGAN, 54, Alcester Street, Stoke.
J. H. WETHERLEY, 6, Drummonds Place, Morice Town.
W. WILKINSON (Pte.), R.M.L.I., 32 Mess, H.M.S. Collingwood.

DEWSBURY.
A. BERRY, 2, Dunscroft Terrace, Calmswood.
E. BOOTH, Fixby Cottage, 68, Brunswick Street, Westboro'.
C. FARRAR, Mill Lane, Hanging Heaton.
J. HEALEY, 2, Crackenedge Terrace.
H. JENNINGS, 1, Thornleigh, Savile Town.
A. JOHNSON, 3, Bank Street.
H. LEE, 22, Clarke Street, Westboro'.
J. SALINSKY, 4, Marsden Terrace.
N. SENIOR, Zetland Villa.
T. A. WARBURTON, 2, Marsden Terrace.

DINNINGTON.
A. DEARDEN, 3, Rotherham Road.

DIPTON.
T. A. C. HOLMES, The Vicarage.
G. TUSON, The Vicarage.

DOLGELLY.
W. M. ROBERTS, London House.

DONCASTER.
F. BARNES, 9, Wharncliffe Street, Hexthorpe.
J. G. BINNINGTON, St. Lucas, Auckland Road.
G. F. DICKSON, 16, Shotton Street.
W. FORT, 46, Market Place.
O. HEALEY, 16, Shotton Street.
R. F. HERD, 55, Broxholme Lane.
W. HOBSON, 42, Baxter Avenue.
G. HURRON, 42, Station Road.
A. E. MATHER, the Star Inn.
F. MILNER, 20, Beaconsfield Road, Hexthorpe.
A. E. SNOWDEN, 8, Gladstone Road, Hexthorpe.
F. WALKER, 31, Market Place.
F. WHITEHEAD, 52, Wheatley Lane.

(To be continued.)

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Cold feet impossible with Weston's damp-proof socks in your boots; luxurious, warm, and comfortable; makes walking a pleasure; best quality, 1s. per pair, post-free; state size.—Weston and Co., 6, Arboretum Terrace, Nottingham.

Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s., or near offer.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Premier City Tailors see J. R. Dale and Co.'s advertisement, page 22.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high-class well-made waterproof coat. Wonderful value. For full particulars of this and fashionable London tailoring at very moderate prices see McKinley's advertisement, page 22.

The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 23.

Gent.'s mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair gentleman's genuine smart chrome waterproof shooting or walking boots, eights, new; 10s. 6d.—Box 3978, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman will sell his silk-lined dinner suit, chest 37in., inside leg trousers 32in.; cash 30s.—Box 3977, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's strong box calf winter boots, made special, size eights; 15s. 6d., exchange to value.—Box 3976, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Lessons in boxing required, by qualified instructor, at pupil's own residence.—Reply by letter, stating terms, which must be moderate, to Negreiros, 69, Knollys Road, Streatham.

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR. Money saved. Angling chums admire British-made fishing tackle. Prices to suit all pockets. Testimonials by the mile. No shops supplied. Catalogues free from the makers.—Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 3929, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair 11½in. Monier Williams ice skates, nickel-plated blades, aluminium fittings, last year's; 10s.—Box 3986, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, double barrel gun, cheap for cash.—Box 3987, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Great bargain, three clubs (driver, mid-iron, and lofter) and bag, all perfect, only used about dozen times, sacrifice; 14s.—Box 3988, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, bargain, billiard table, slate bed, 6ft. portable, section cover as dining-table, four cues, rest, three ivory balls, marking-board, &c., good order, complete; £5, or offer.—Box 3989, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punt gun wanted, must be in good condition, either breech or muzzle loader, not less than 1½in. bore, complete with swivel, &c.—Box 3985, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

What offers all numbers "Modern Man"?—Write Box 3944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

Cassell's Encyclopædic Dictionary and Atlas, latest edition, unbound; cost £2 4s. 4d., take 25s., or good 26in. Gladstone bag.—Box 3991, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, E.C.

For insurance against unemployment write for full particulars, Rampart Insurance Company, 255 MM., Birkbeck Bank Chambers, High Holborn.

MUSIC.

Banjo, five strings, nickel plated, in case; 25s.—Box 3992, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 3992, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two hundred Bukit Pelangor 2s. rubber shares, excellent company, highly recommended, will pay 30 per cent. dividend; take £20 lot.—Box 4016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, loan of £150; repay 30s. per week; reasonable interest given.—Box 4015, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Advertiser will accept for quick sale 1s. per share for 500 (or part) fully paid 5s. shares, producing rubber company.—Box 4017, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Secret of a harem slave; a fragrant, dreamy, Oriental perfume for men; 7d.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford.

Chilblains, certain cure. Recipe, P.O. 1s.—K. Read, Penwortham, Preston.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3959, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3958, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3960, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wanted, second-hand shop fixtures, show cases, &c. State lowest prices for spot cash.—Box 4004, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's handsome simulation gold double albert, with free gift of beautiful seal, 1s., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-

With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Conjuring.—Twelve novelties, 7d.—Paul Vandy, Magical Pastime Co., 108, Strand, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Genuine Offer!—25,000 knives, shop price 3s. 6d., our price 1s.; the finest quality, the thinnest and the most handiest knife in the world (patent); guaranteed two of the finest Sheffield blades in English oxydised steel handles.—Send 1s. P.O. to The International Patent Novelties Co. (Dept. K), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Conjuror's secrets—list 3d., good trick free.—F. Wilson, 323, New Hey Road, Bradford.

FREE! 1,000 gent's double simulation gold alberts to every purchaser of one of our 3s. 6d. gent's simulation gold keyless watches. Guaranteed perfect timekeepers. We will present absolutely free a beautiful double albert.—Send P.O. 3s. 6d., and three penny stamps for postage and packing, to-day to J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

XMAS, NEW YEAR.—Gent.'s Brush Cases, with Brush, Comb, Mirror, 2s. 6d. for 1s. 8d.; good leather, 5s. for 3s. 6d.; pair Military Brushes and Comb, solid cowhide case, 4s. for 3s., 6s. for 4s. 6d.; large leather cases, fully fitted, 5s. 6d. for 4s., 7s. for 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. for 8s., 15s. for 12s.; never repeat; approval; post free.—Smith and Hancox, Mail Order Specialists, Redditch.

Safety razor, complete in case, with 7 blades, &c., cost 5s. when new; bargain; accept 3s 3d., post free.—Box 3961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

A Fountain Pen for 7d. post free.—Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder, always ready for use, no ink or filling required, best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day, to Patent Novelties Co., 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

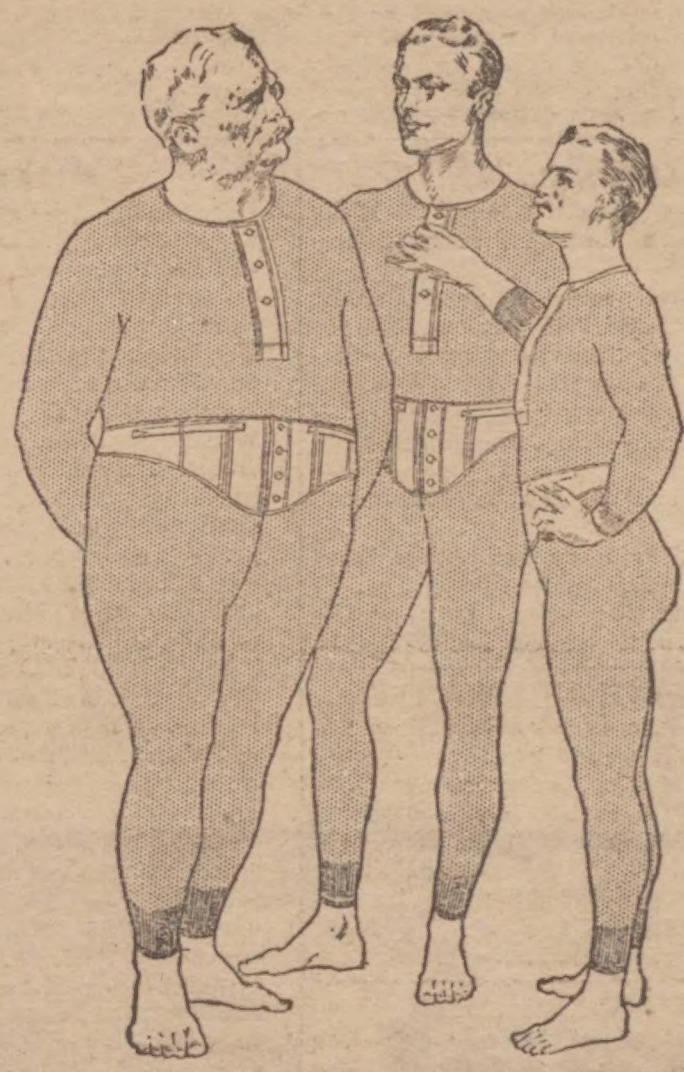
19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

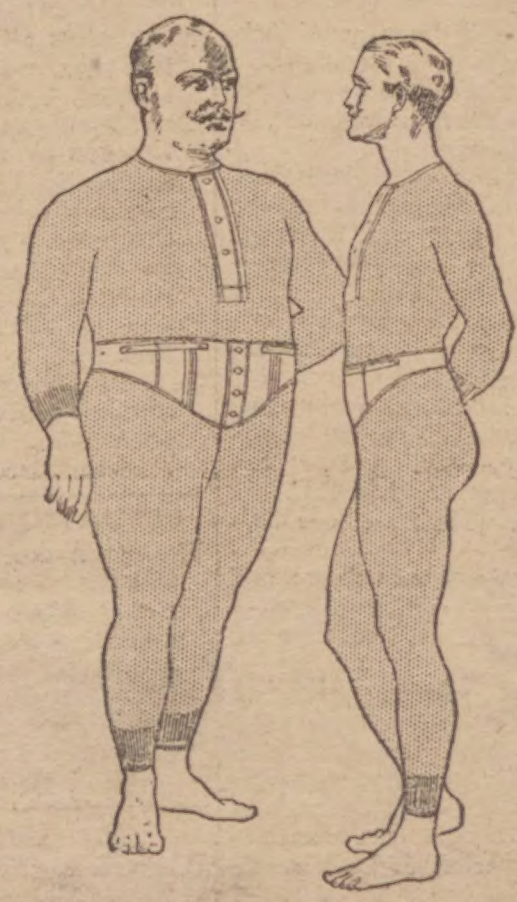
19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.





The Correct Length of Leg and Sleeve for Every Type of Man is provided by

CUTUNA UNDERWEAR

(GRADUATED LENGTH . . . . . UNSHRINKABLE)

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No need for "tucks," "turn-ups" or "short-ends" when you buy "Cutuna" underwear.

Outdoor men—Men who follow Sports and Games—will especially appreciate "Cutuna" Underwear for its fine warmth-giving qualities. The weight and texture are just right to keep the body at a cosy heat. Whether you watch the game or play it, there's little chance of catching a chill if you wear "Cutuna."

The fine materials used in its manufacture are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is doubly woven. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble. The following are the Prices (Out-Size Chest and Waist Measures slightly extra):—

VESTS (Winter Weight), **3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 7/11** (Medium Weight), **4/6**
PANTS ,, ,, **3/11, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6, 8/11** ,, ,, **5/6**

Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 8, and Samples of Materials. When writing kindly mention "The Modern Man."

Horne BROTHERS

FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND NEW IN MEN'S WEAR

Central Establishment and Mail Order Department:

388, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

. . . . . and Branches throughout London . . . . . .

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 22, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*